





DRIFTING.

CARRIED HER TOWARDS THE SHORE.

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Drifting.

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"LET US AT LEAST BE HONEST WITH EACH OTHER," HE SAID.

HE had drawn up his boat high on the beach, and now lay at the girl's feet, as she sat, out of reach of the tide, on a big boulder stone.

There had fallen a long silence between them—a silence in which, to his fancy, her heart had cried aloud to his, as, in the stillness, the sea-pyot had cried aloud to the sea.

He was the first to break that silence.

"Let us at least be honest with each other," he said in a constrained, bitter tone. "Let us look the whole miserable facts in the face, and not cheat ourselves into believing that things are better than they are. Supposing that you were to break faith with Euan Mackreth, that would not give me the right to ask you to be my wife, with a millstone of debts—twenty thousand pounds if it's a penny—hanging about my neck. No. Nor would it help you and your mother out of your financial difficulties. I suppose you two are in pretty nearly as evil a case as I am?"

"In a worse, if anything," answered the girl under her breath.

"And even supposing—not that such a thing is likely, no, nor even possible—that some kind fairy, in the shape of a rich relative, were to come forward and clear off the whole of my liabilities. What then! What am I fit for in life? How should I set about earning my own living? What could I do that would give me the hope of being able, even in twenty years' time, to ask a girl to be my wife to whom luxury and refinement are the very breath of life. *Ma mignonne*—*ma mignonne*, things look very black for us! Turn which way I will, I see no rift in the clouds."

A fit 'trysting-place for a pair of lovers, this lonely corner of Glen Orloch Isle! Not a human soul save themselves did this scene of sea and sky and cliff enclose. At their feet lay the blue waters of Loch Rhuy; behind them the gaunt mountains, patched with olive-green and golden-brown mosses, seemed to tower upwards to the heavens themselves. Not a sound broke the evening stillness save the lazy lapping and curling of the summer sea, the whirr of a pyot overhead.

or the hoarse croak of a distant heron ; and over all hung the haze and glamour of a twilight so golden that it seemed as if it were being rained upon them from the after-glow that stretched, in the likeness of gigantic fiery wings, from the western horizon halfway across the sky.

The girl whom he had addressed as "ma mignonne" was emphatically of the "mignonne" type. She had pushed back the hood of her cloak from her golden-brown hair, and the outline of her small head showed like a chiselled cameo against the dark background of rock. Seen in profile, her face recalled the picture of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's child-angels. It was delicate in colouring, with large, wondering dark eyes and a cupid's bow mouth that seemed expressly called into being to wear the smiles and languors of a spoilt society beauty. It was a face, too, that paired well with the one at this moment upturned to meet her down-cast gaze. There were people who were wont to call Val Thorndyke an Apollo Belvedere and who compared his features to those of a Greek marble ; and there were others who vowed that they could see no beauty in beetle-brows and a low forehead, and who hinted at a disagreeable resemblance to a certain well-known picture of Mephistopheles. Possibly the truth lay somewhere between the two verdicts. The beetle-brows were there, and the Greek outline was there, and the combination made a face, dark, clean-cut, impassive—the face that knows how to wear the society mask with so much ease, and that, as a rule, has, as a fit corollary, an unvi-
brating, passionless voice that would draw out hottest love or deadliest hate in much the same

tone as it would pronounce an opinion on a brand of chablis or fix the stakes of a game at baccarat.

While he had been speaking the girl's eyes had wandered away to the distant horizon. To his fancy a sudden mist seemed to veil them, and there was a sound as of tears in her voice as she clasped her hands together and cried impetuously :

"Oh, Val ! Val ! it is hopeless ! We must give it up ! I must marry the castle and the diamonds and the settlements and old Euan, and you must lay yourself out to catch some heiress and get your debts paid, and —"

"Hush !" interrupted Val sternly. "There shall be no talk of heiresses for me ! The day that makes you that old idiot's wife will see me take my fate into my own hands, and —"

"Oh, Val, it is wicked, horribly wicked, to talk like that !"

"Wicked !" echoed Val. "Oh, my love, my love !" and for a moment there came a vibrating note in his voice. "Who thinks of what is wicked or what is good in your presence ! You, and such as you, are the law of right and wrong to us men. We keep or we break it according as we love you little or much."

The girl's face flushed, her head bent lower ; for a few moments she did not speak.

"Sometimes I feel I am dreadfully, dreadfully wicked," she presently said, in a low, uncertain tone. "Sometimes I feel I am webbed in—caught in a sort of network of untruth—and do what I will, I can't get out of it. Lady Clancy, Euan's sister, you know, has been whispering little stories about you and me, and yesterday Euan came to me and asked



"OH, VAL, IT IS HOPELESS."

me if there were any truth in them. He asked me first if I could tell him why your friend's Archie, Milner's, yacht had been so long lying off Mull, looking very hard at me all the time. Then he took my hands in his and said, 'Don't be afraid, child; look up in my face and tell me the whole truth, whatever it is.' And, of course, I looked up in his face—so—and said I knew nothing about your yacht, and that you and I never met except in his presence, and ——"

"Fay," interrupted the young man, in a slow, soft drawl, "are you trying to make me add murder to my other sins? Do you want to send me forcing my way into that den of a place over there to put a bullet through the thick skull of that old idiot?"

As he said the words "den of a place over there," his eyes wandered to where at his right hand, the gaunt cliffs sloped gradually into a succession of green plateaux jutting out to sea. Above the woods of fir and beech that crowned one of these plateaux, a turreted castle, the ancestral home of the laird of Glen Orchol, towered grim and dark against the translucent sky, so grim and dark, indeed, that it seemed as if it were cut out in black bas-relief, upon a plane of agate.

Fay's eyes instinctively followed the direction of Val's.

"It does look like a great, dark, frowning Bastille, doesn't it?" she said, with a little childish pout on her pretty lips. "I never look at it but what it sets me shuddering. Can't we go and sit somewhere else, where the cliffs will shut it out from our sight?"

"Come and sit in the boat," said Val. "You'll find it pleasanter than this wet boulder. Ah, how the tide has ebbed. Not that way; you'll get your feet wet. Stay, let me carry you?"

But Fay managed to clear the pools, jumping lightly from one slippery rock to another, and seated herself in the boat with scarcely a touch to his hand.

"Oh, kind rocks!" she murmured, glancing upwards, with a sigh of relief, to where the big, over-hanging crags effectually shut out Glen Orchol Castle from view.

Val seated himself, facing her in the boat, and, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, let his eyes feast themselves on the daintily beautiful face before him.

Fay seemed all unconscious of his gaze.



"DO YOU EXPECT ME TO ECHO THAT WISH?"

Her eyes, with a far-away look in them, were once more fixed on the distant horizon, and for the moment she had fallen into a reverie.

The shadows of evening grew deeper; the fire of the after-glow began to pale, the gold of the twilight to give place to grey.

"Ma mignonne," whispered Val, "where are your thoughts—tell me!"

She started and turned her eyes full on him. Was it his fancy once more, or were they again glistening as with unshed tears?

"Oh, Val," she answered in a low tone that had something of a wail in it, "when I think of—of everything—the hopelessness of it all, and the good-bye we must, sooner or later, say to each other, I sometimes wish I had lain down in my grave before I had seen your face."

A sudden fire leapt into his eye.

"Do you expect me to echo that wish?" he asked, "and say 'I would that I had lain down in my grave before I met that girl?' If I did, it would be a lie. Supposing Fate had come to me and said, 'Here, in this hand, are six months of your usual listless, vacuous existence cou-

pled with your usual listless, vacuous feelings; and here, in the other, are six months of wild, maddening passion, together with wild, maddening pain.' I should have said, 'Give me that—the passion and the pain together! Yes, the passion, a thousand times more delirious—more enthralling than my heart has power to conceive, and let me buy it with torture now, with torture hereafter; so that I have it for one mad, delirious six months of my life, I care not!'"

It was all said in his usual level and slightly cynical tone. Only a very old, or very intimate friend of Val Thorn-dyke's, listening to him and catching a glimpse of that fire in his eye, would have ventured to say: "That man is in deadly earnest at last!"

While he had been speaking all sorts of expressions, like so many summer clouds, had gone sweeping over Fay's more easily read features.

Was she afraid of what they might speak to him that she suddenly bowed her head, covering her face with both hands?

He was kneeling at her feet in a moment, trying to withdraw those hands. Then his arm encircled her; he drew her head upon his shoulder, and still kneeling beside her, covered her brow, her hair with impassioned kisses.

She made no effort to free herself. Ah! if she could but have held up her finger to old Time and bade him stand still!

"O sun dare not to rise!" she would have cried, like one in by-gone days; "dare not to bring in another dawn of bondage and misery! Let this glamour of twilight know no ending, this rest, this love be my eternity!"

But even as the thought filled her mind the glamour of twilight had gone. It was the shades of night that were gathering about them now.

With the shadows of the night came its stillness also. No wing of sea-fowl nor distant cry of heron broke the silence now. The tide was ebbing fast, and even the wash of the waves sounded muffled and far away.

Val, with his lips close to her ear, whispered a few words. They were:

"Let us summon our courage, my darling, break our bonds, shake off our chains and claim our lives for our own."

Softly as the words were spoken, they seemed to sound like a fanfaronade of

trumpets in the stillness of the air. Fay could fancy that the very rocks beneath whose shadow their boat lay had caught the echo of them and were flinging them back at her.

She gave a great start, but for a moment did not speak.

Val went on lingeringly, persuasively: "It is only half-an-hour's row out to Archie's yacht. There is no one but Archie and the four sailors on board—he is true as steel, you know. Only whisper 'Yes,' *ma mignonne*, and the thing is done. We will sail the yacht just wherever you will like best to go—Italy, Corsica, Algiers?"

Fay was trembling from head to foot now, but still she did not open her lips.

"Think," he went on, his voice rising louder and more distinct, "what you will escape from—what you will escape to! Your life your own to do what you will with! The glorious freedom! You and I alone on the wide ocean, no one to come between us, no good-byes to be said! No more of the dismal old Bastille—one delicious round of enjoyment from year's end to year's end!"

But Fay's lips were still dumb.

"People are doing it every day in the week," he went on, his voice once more sinking to a low, persuasive tone. "A marriage such as you would make is no true marriage; the true marriage bond is between heart and heart, soul and soul."

"Oh, stop, stop!" said Fay, with a sudden, sharp, piteous cry, as she lifted her white face with its aureola of ruffled hair from his shoulder, "what are you saying? I did not come out to-night to hear such words as these! It would break my mother's heart!"

"Your mother's heart?" repeated Val, with a slow, scornful emphasis. "Will you tell me that a woman who will sell her daughter to the highest bidder has such a foolish thing as a heart in her organism? Did she think of your heart, I wonder, when she hunted you into saying 'Yes' to a man old enough to be your father? Has not she brought you here to Orchol Castle for the whole and sole purpose of clenching your bonds still more tightly, and —"

"Oh, stop, stop!" again cried Fay in sharp, piteous tones. "Let me think—for pity's sake, let me think!"

Her words came in short gasps. She released herself from his encircling arm,

sinking back in the boat, with her trembling hands tightly clasped together and her eyes downcast and half-veiled by their long lashes.

Val still knelt beside her, with his strong gaze fixed upon those downcast eyes.

Once more the silence of the night seemed to make itself felt; the shadows around them, one after another, were fading into the deepening gloom. In that gloom Fay seemed to see, dimly outlined as in a vision, two dark shapes. On one side seemed to stand a form, bright-eyed, smiling, with outstretched, beckoning hand; on the other a dark, shadowy shape, with veiled face, and wings spread as if about to take flight.

"Freedom is a glorious thing!"

Fay started. Was that Val speaking? The voice seemed to come from that bright-eyed, smiling form that stood beside her.

"You forged your own chains."

Yes yes, that was Val's voice, she was certain.

"And must wear them," seemed to say a solemn voice that was not Val's.

"And can break them," finished Val.

"Help me! help me!" moaned Fay, covering her ears with both hands to shut out the bewildering voices.

Val took those hands in his. "Ma mignonne," he said, "look ahead. Some day, and a day not very far off, all our sweet, stolen intercourse must come to an end. There will have to be said a long last good-bye, our hands will let go, the world will come in between."

"Oh, Val, death were better than that!" she said brokenly. "If there must come an end to all that makes our lives worth having, let us end our lives also and agree to die together!"

"Why not?" answered Val promptly. "To live together would be better, but if that cannot be, why then I agree and say let us die together."

"Once," Fay went on, a little unsteadily, as if uncertain whither her words were leading her, "I heard of a man and a woman who loved each other just as you and I do, and who agreed that chance, not will, should decide their future for them."

"By the hazard of the die?" said Val, catching at her meaning; "I have no dice-box here, ma mignonne."

"No! in this way," said Fay, still in a low, unsteady tone. "The girl, like me, wavered, she did not dare say 'Yes,' she could not—no, could not say 'No.' They were riding along a country road in France and it was getting night. They threw the reins on their horses' necks, and swore an oath to each other that

they would go wherever their horses took them and accept just whatever fate this should bring them to."

"No doubt the man thought his horse would lead, and take them straight home to his stables."

"Perhaps. But it did not. The horses, instead, rambled on through fields and dark lanes, and at last led them into a part of the country that was flooded—



"ONCE I HEARD OF A MAN AND WOMAN," FAY WENT ON.



"LISTEN, IT IS THE CURLEW," SHE SAID.

into a swollen stream—and both man and woman were drowned."

"Possibly that was the best thing that could happen to them both. When Fate is iron and your life is hopelessly ruined, it is better by far to end it or to have it ended for you," he answered recklessly.

"Val," the name was whispered very softly, very sweetly; "what would most likely happen if you were to push this boat away from the shore and let it drift?"

"Let it drift! Well, it would go out of the loch with the tide, of course; but what would happen afterwards would depend on so many things—on the currents,

for instance. You know outside the loch there is a perfect network of 'shallows and narrows' among the islands. If a gale sprang up, it might be a case of a boat floating bottom upwards before day dawned."

Fay looked at him wistfully.

"Val," she said softly and sweetly still, "would you be willing to put our fate to such a test as that? And would you swear to me that you would accept, without resistance, just whatever the dawn might bring. If it brought us death, even, would you accept it without a word of reproach——"

"My darling!" interrupted Val, springing to his feet. "I'll swear it a thousand times over, if you, on your part, will do the same, and swear to accept whatever the dawn may bring, even supposing it finds us in sight of Mull and Archie's yacht!"

And this, as he said the words, seemed to him a not unlikely contingency.

Fay, perhaps, read his thoughts.

"I ought to tell you," she said, the wistful look lingering still in her eyes, "that old Angus—Euan's steward—who is noted all over the island for his weather-wisdom, told me last night that this hot weather was bound to end in a storm before another forty-eight hours had passed; the moon, he said, had gone down with a double halo round it, and that was a certain sign of wind and foul weather."

"Let it come! What does it matter, so long as you and I can face it together? Now, Fay, put your hand in mine, and let us swear to abide by whatever decision the dawn may bring—life together if it bring us life, death together if it bring us death."

So these two, hand in hand, looking up to the dark heavens, swore their strange oath.

Val tossed one oar out on to the beach, the other he kept to push the boat off shore with. Then, refusing to allow Fay to get out of the boat, he dragged it down to the receding tide, averring that her light weight could make no possible difference to a man's arm.

And just as he had sprung into the boat and was pushing off, a strange thing happened—a long, mournful cry, a sort of eked-out whistle in a minor key, sounded twice across the silent loch.

Fay started, holding up a warning finger.

"Listen, it is a curlew," she said. "The people here look upon its cry as a death warning if it comes after sunset. They have a rhyme:—

'If the whaup whistles thrice after set of sun,
A life will be ended ere day has begun.'

Oh! pray listen—don't let the keel grate again."

Val paused, oar in hand. Fay's face seemed to grow rigid with the strain upon her listening powers.

"Well," he said at length, breaking the silence, "so far, so good; two whistles evidently stand for nothing, even to the Celtic mind——" His words were cut short by a third sharp, resonant cry, that

seemed to sound in the darkness immediately over their heads.

Fay grew white to her very lips. "The moon had not gone down overnight with its double halo for nothing," she said to herself.

"Ma mignonne," said Val tenderly, "I had no idea you were so superstitious! Have you no faith in me? Death shall not lay its finger——"

"Hush," interrupted Fay solemnly; "you forget! Our compact is to accept death, not to fight it!"

Val made no reply. He gave a vigorous push to the boat which sent it out with a lurch on to the swaying waves. Mechanically, he drew his oar up into the boat, as he seated himself facing the girl.

She noted the action. "You are breaking faith with me," she said reproachfully; "if that oar lies near your hand, you would use it in an emergency and dictate a decision to Fate!"

"Well, then, let it go," he answered, giving the oar a vigorous spin over the side. "You are right, Fay; if I found ourselves in sight of Mull and the yacht, and that oar lay handy, I should certainly make good use of it."

They watched the oar rise and fall with the waves, and then disappear into the blackness that was slowly circumscribing the waters of the loch on three of its sides.

"Now we are nothing more than whirling leaves upon the tide; Fate has us in her grip right enough," said Val.

Fay made no reply. She had sunk back in her seat once more, and with a look in her eyes that puzzled Val, was peering curiously into the darkness, now on this side, now on that.

What had become of those dimly outlined shapes that had before seemed so real to her? Had the one spread its wings and taken flight and the other melted into the shadows out of which it was born?

The veil of darkness through which those shapes had seemed to smile and frown at her was consolidating into a wall now, that, little by little, was shutting out the shores of the loch on either side of the placid waters over which they drifted so easily and pleasantly, shutting her in, in fact, alone with Val in that cockle-shell of a boat and cutting them both off, at least so it seemed, from the whole of the rest of creation.

Val's thoughts were busy also. It was all very well for him to declare that they were simply whirling leaves upon the waters, and that they had now nothing to do but bow to Fate's decree. In his heart of hearts it seemed to him that Fate was dealing very well with him. Was not the yacht within a few miles of them? and what more likely than that they should drift within sight of it—at least he might venture to say there were no odds against the likelihood of such a thing. And then, why a signal from him, a shrill note on the gold whistle that hung upon his chain would set Archie steaming up towards them in a trice.

Or, supposing that instead of towards Mull, they were to drift north-west towards Skye, what more probable than that they would be sighted by one of the steamers that ply between the coast and the Hebrides, and that, seeing their helpless condition, it would at once put to and take them on board. But, whichever of these contingencies, or any other equally felicitous, came about, one thing was certain—the woman whom he idolized and worshipped, and from whom he had been kept apart by an evil conjunction of circumstances, was his own now, his own special possession, and would so remain to the last hour of her life.

This was a thought to grow jubilant over surely. Could it be that Fay as yet did not realise the glorious freedom that was dawning for her, that she sat so still and silent? Or was her heart quaking lest she might lose that freedom before it was well begun—lest at that very moment old Euan Mackreth might be calling together his men, and organising a pursuit and re-capture.

A question that Fay asked sharply—suddenly—at that moment seemed to give colour to the latter surmise. It was:

"Shall we ever—ever get out of this loch?"

"We are getting out of it as fast as we can," he answered. "But don't be frightened, my darling; they can't possibly have discovered your absence yet awhile; it was such a clever idea of yours to plead headache and lock your door——"

"I was not thinking of anything of that sort," interrupted Fay, "but I feel as if I were shut up in prison in this loch—being stifled by inches—with the darkness."

"With the darkness? Don't you think it's with this hot haze that hangs about

the shore? But when we round that point we shall get a glimpse of the moon, and see a little which way we are going. There'll be a moon for about a couple of hours to-night."

The point was rounded and the moon came in sight, hanging low over the green plateau crowned by the beech woods and the castle. The stretch of translucent sky that before had shown like a plane of agate, was now flooded with white light, and the castle appeared as if carved in black bas-relief upon a silver plane.

Fay turned her head sharply away from it.

"I shall never get the sight of that place from off my eye-balls!" she exclaimed. "When I lie dying I believe it will dance before my eyes!"

"When I lie dying!" Why here was the croak of a raven indeed! What had come over Fay to-night? Thoughts such as these were intolerable at such a time.

Perhaps Fay thought so too. For suddenly, without a word of prelude, she broke into a gay, coquettish song.

Her voice was a high, light mezzo, and the songs that suited her best were of the sort that make life appear to be one vast fairy-garden in which pretty, spoilt



"WE ARE GETTING OUT AS FAST AS WE CAN."

maidens of eighteen lead about the little god of love in chains of flowers.

Such a song she carolled forth now, high and right merrily, till the old mountains, whose massive sides seemed better suited to resound the roll of artillery, threw it back at her in a hundred echoes.

And as she sang Val, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and his eyes fixed full on her sweet, child-like face upturned in the moonlight, said to himself over and over again: "Did God ever mould a more dainty, exquisitely lovely child-angel? And she is mine—mine only! Mine for ever!"

Drifting, drifting, drifting, easily, lightly, pleasantly over the swaying waves, they went. Now into the pathway of silver light that the moon threw athwart the waters, anon into the black shadows of the gaunt mountains, which here and there kissed the opposite shore. Out of Loch Rhuy at last they went, and for a moment the waves seemed to lose a little of their laziness, and a light breeze ruffled Val's dark hair. Almost, however, before he had time to say in his heart, "Thank heaven, we are drifting towards Mull!" a current, setting in from an opposite quarter, had taken charge of their little boat, and they were hurried past some jutting point and swept into a loch once more. Here the hot, hazy darkness seemed to press down upon them again. Fay's voice began to lose a little of its light, joyous ring, and, as if unconsciously, she drifted into a low, crooning lullaby sort of song that kept time with the lazy, swaying motion of the boat.

It was difficult for them to make out their exact whereabouts, or to give a name

to the loch in which they found themselves now. The shores of these lochs have many natural features in common.

On either side of them black mountains seemed to stretch right up into the darkness of the skies; on either side the shore, at the base of those mountains, lay hidden with the drowsy haze of heat.

Fay's voice, little by little, was losing its lullaby croon for a note that had something of a wail in it.

Once, quite suddenly, she broke off to make, what seemed to Val, an utterly irrelevant remark. It was:

"I think if my mother had been a different woman I should have grown up into something better than I am!"

And again, a little later on, she suddenly said: "I wish I had not looked up into Euan's face yesterday and told him that lie."

To which Val replied promptly and without that touch of bitterness which he generally showed when Euan's name was mentioned: "Why let that man's name pass your lips, darling? he has utterly gone out of your life now."

Presently the moon went down behind the moun-

tains, and then thicker, hotter, blacker than ever, the darkness seemed to press down upon them once more.

Fay ceased singing. "I am so sleepy, she said, speaking like a tired child; "I know there is a storm coming; I can feel it in the air."

Val said nothing. He, too, knew that a storm was coming. He had scouted alike the curlew's warning cry and old Angus's prophecy, but there was no mistaking what the black, lowering sky, the hot mist, the heavy air meant



"I WISH I HAD NOT TOLD HIM THAT LIE."

He knew what a storm in these mountain districts was, and how little mercy it would show to their cockle-shell of a boat. One by one his hopes of sighting his yacht or a passing ocean steamer were vanishing; their only chance he felt now lay in the possibility of day-dawn outstripping the thunder-storm so rapidly travelling towards them, and of its revealing to them some shallow coast or sheltering hollow where he could land, and, dragging the boat into safety, there await the passing of the storm.

Yet, with all sorts of tragic possibilities looming now into view, not for one instant did he regret the wild promptness with which he had acceded to Fay's suggestion to leave their lives to the decision of chance.

"Better death a thousand times over," he said to himself, "than the life of protracted torture, that otherwise must have been his in the future with Fay—like the princess of fairy legend enclosed in her crystal mountain—so near and yet so far."

Every moment the darkness seemed to grow denser and deeper. Not alone was the sky blotted out, the sullen, lazy, lapping waves had also disappeared. Even Fay's form, her face, her white hand seemed gradually being enshrouded in a hazy veil. He took out his watch, but it



SHE WAS BANDAGING HER EYES.

was too dark to see the hands. He tried to feel the time with his fingers and conjectured, for he could not be sure, that there was yet another hour and a half to be lived through before those black mountain tops caught the light of dawn. The tide would turn, he knew, half an hour before that; Heaven help them if it were to carry them out into the broad Atlantic, and the storm in all its fury were to burst upon them there!

Fay had grown very silent. Her thoughts were becoming tumultuous and chaotic. She felt, rather than thought, "Here are we doing just exactly what we have been doing all our lives through—drift-

ing on an unseen sea to an unknown goal! Heaven help us! how will it end?" And to her fancy the lazy, lapping, unseen waves seemed to take up her cry and to repeat it in heavy, dull, monotonous fashion as they washed the keel of the boat.

Of necessity the same question was ringing the changes in Val's brain. His nerves were held at tension now; it was with difficulty that he kept himself under control. Moment by moment his excitement seemed to grow more intense, and the horrible suspense to become more insupportable. He began to lose count of time; it seemed as if they had been shut

up for an eternity in the hot, hazy darkness of that loch. Would they ever make their escape from it? Would the current that had brought them in turn with the turning tide and bear them out—and, if so, to what? To storm and wind on the open sea, or to daybreak and a chance of escape? Both storm and day-dawn were travelling towards them at a rapid pace now; which would win?

"Val!" came Fay's voice faintly from out the darkness, after a long, a measureless silence, "are we drifting in a circle? Can you see anything anywhere to tell us where we are?"

"It's black as the Styx," answered Val, trying to pitch his voice to a cheerful note, "and I can't see even your face, dearest. Stretch out your hand; at least let me feel that in mine!"

Were they drifting in a circle? What in heaven's name were they doing? And hark! What was that booming, hollow sound? Was it the thunder upon them at last, or was it the sea breaking over some subterranean cavern? And what meant this sudden change in the easy swinging motion of the boat? Had another current caught them now, or was this the tide coming in full and fresh from the Atlantic?

Fay's hand, lying cold and tremulous in his own, was suddenly withdrawn. Something white seemed to flutter about her in the darkness, and Val, straining his eyes, made out that she was bandaging her eyes with her handkerchief.

She, too, must have felt that a crisis was at hand.

"Don't be angry, Val," she said pleadingly, "but I cannot face it."

Minutes seemed to prolong themselves into hours. Only prisoners standing in the dock, awaiting the sentence of the judge, could understand with what leaden feet time went for them now. Fay, sitting blindfold and mute, could have fancied she had lived through, not half-an-hour, but half a lifetime in the brief space that elapsed between the turn of the tide and the break of day.

"Look up, Fay," suddenly, sharply said Val, with an odd, jarring, out-of-tune note in his voice.

Fay pulled her handkerchief from her eyes.

Yes, the dawn was upon them at last. All around the darkness was being torn into shreds; the mists were growing

silvery, the mountain tops were catching a tender grey, although to their rugged sides the night-blue was clinging still.

But what—what shore was this that the mystic light half-hid and half revealed?

Fay turned her white face towards Val.

"It is Kismet!" she said brokenly; and bowing her head, she once more covered her eyes with her hands.

The sight that she would fain have shut out from them was nothing less than the familiar shores of Glen Orchol, with its ribbed and ridged cliffs and its green plateaux crowned with the beech-woods and turreted castle.

They had drifted in a circle with a vengeance!

Glen Orchol stands in the very centre of Loch Rhuy and the current that had carried them out of the loch on one side of the island had carried them in again on the other, and within these familiar waters, drifting hither and thither they had passed the whole of that dread night.

On the shallow shores of the green plateau, dominated by the castle, the tide was landing them. Val had to jump from the boat and drag it up the shingle, or it would have been dashed against a jutting spur of rock, for the tide was coming in furiously now.

Standing up to his knees in it, he lifted Fay out of the boat and carried her towards the shore.

"It is a fate to which it would be sheer folly to bow," he said, holding her tightly in his arms; "do you think that Euan Mackreth would —"

His sentence was not to be finished. At that moment a bare-headed, bare-legged fisher-lad came speeding breathlessly over rock and shingle towards them.

He had a strange story to tell when his breath came back to him. At first he could only point a little further along the shore to a break in the rocks, to the self-same spot, in fact, that had been Val's and Fay's trysting-place overnight.

Fay, following the direction of the lad's hand, saw a group of shadowy figures gathered around what appeared to be a prostrate form.

More than this she could not clearly make out. For although the threatening storm had evidently swept over their heads and the clouds were being broken into fragments to let out the glories of the dawn, the spray rose high with the in-

coming tide, and the night shadows lingered in the hollows still.

Yet her heart seemed to tell her the meaning of that group as, with swift steps, she made her way along the shore, Val following, and the fisher-lad by her side

suitable for a pavilion that he was desirous of building for his future wife, who loved the magnificent seascapes to be seen from those rocks. The site was surveyed and approved; the night was hot, the moon bright and, tempted by



WITH FOLIED ARMS AND BENT BROW, VAL STOOD.

telling his strange tale in an odd mixture of Gaelic and English.

It was to the effect that the "laird" (as he styled Euan Mackreth), after a long consultation with old Angus overnight about some projected improvements on his estate, had gone out in company with him to survey a site that he deemed

the low tide, the laird and old Angus decided to descend the mountain path and return to the Castle along the shore. Halfway down that path—the very one that Fay had descended to meet her lover — Euan's foot had slipped, and he had fallen heavily, some fifteen or twenty feet, on to a projecting ledge of rock, losing

consciousness and sustaining serious and, it was feared, fatal internal injuries. Angus had contrived to swing himself down to this ledge of rock, and there had supported the laird in his arms until help had arrived. That, however, had not been until close upon daybreak. Fay's absence from her room had been discovered by her mother almost at the moment that information was brought to Lady Clancy of her brother's non-return from his after-dinner walk with his land-steward. In a state of great alarm, the two ladies had organised a search party, and men with lanterns and ropes had been set to scour every corner of the island. Eventually they were guided to the spot where Euan lay by old Angus's shouts for help, and almost simultaneously tidings had been brought to the search party that Fay had been seen nearing shore in a boat with Val Thorndyke.

With ropes and a roughly-improvised ambulance they had contrived to lower the laird from the ledge of rock to the beach.

There he lay now, a gaunt, stalwart figure, with old Angus kneeling on one knee still supporting his head and shoulders. His face was ashen grey, his eyes were closed, his white hair, swept back from a massive brow, fluttered in the fresh breeze that the incoming tide brought with it. A silent group of gillies and fishermen stood under the shadow of the rocks in the background. Lady Clancy, rigid-featured, stony-eyed, with a plaid thrown over the evening-dress she had worn all night through, stood beside him, shading her eyes with her hand and peering through the haze of the dawn into the far distance.

As Fay drew near, she advanced to meet her. "Stand back!" she said, drawing herself to her full height, and speaking in a voice that had a ring as of

iron in it; "stand back, I say, you who would have been wife and no wife to Euan."

But Euan's eyes had suddenly opened, and Fay had seen a look in them—dumb, pleading, pathetic—that made her dare Lady Clancy's wrath.

"Come near, child," those eyes had seemed to say, "and bend your ears to my lips," and she did so.

Life was ebbing fast now, his breath was coming and going in gasps, and when he spoke, his voice sounded weak and far-away.

"Child! child!" he said faintly, between catches of his breath, "if you had but waited—it would not have been for long."

And then his eyelids drooped never again to be lifted.

So, then, someone had tortured Euan's dying ears with the story of her untruth!

With folded arms and bent brows, Val stood watching her as she knelt beside the dead man.

Love made him bold, and sent him to her side.

"Come away, Fay," he whispered; "this is no place for you now; see, Fate reverses her decree."

Fay, kneeling still, upturned her white, tearless face to his.

"Not so—she confirms it," she answered brokenly. She pointed to the dead laird's face. "This would for ever lie between us. Whenever I looked in your face, I should see not your eyes but his, with their last heart-broken look in them. Whenever I touched your hand, I should feel not your warm touch, but his death cold one."

Here she took the dead-man's hand reverently in her own.

And Val, having no words wherewith to answer, turned and left her.



MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

Pens and Pencils of the Press.

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "*Journalistic London*," "*By Order of the Czar*," "*Under the Great Seal*," &c., &c.

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

ABOVE the medium height, squarely built, with thick brown hair and a soldierly bearing, Frederic Villiers impresses you straight-away as the frank, brave, persevering fellow he has proved himself to be on many a battle-field and in many a serious emergency. Born some forty years ago, in London, he was educated in France. At seventeen he won his way into our Royal Academy schools. Seven years of student life, with occasional employment on the illustrated papers, seemed to offer him no great prospect of distinction. He was evidently of a restless nature that wanted active occupation.

"On a certain eventful evening in June, 1876," he says, "my eye lighted upon the pink poster of the *Globe* announcing the Turkish and Servian declarations of war. I hoped my chance had come at last. I thirsted for change. My wish at the moment was to lose myself in the excitement of battle. I went into a refreshment-bar, procured pen, ink and paper, and in a shorter time, almost, than I take to tell you, I had dropped into the nearest pillar-box a letter to the *Graphic* offering myself for the position of artist correspondent. By the first post in the morning I had a reply from Mr. W. Thomas, the director of the paper, asking me to see him at once. Our conversation was very brief, and before the day was over I was on my way to Servia. It was barely a week after I had written that note to the *Graphic* before I met my ever afterwards dear friend, Archibald Forbes."

I prefer to let the famous pen of the *Daily News* relate the incident of this meeting. It is full of human nature and good fellowship. In the tug of competi-

tion, Forbes frequently got ahead of his colleagues, and had to endure the obloquy that comes of success when defeated contemporaries are your critics. He nevertheless won the admiration of all journalists whose opinions are worth having, and the aid and comfort he gave to Villiers were at times quite touching in their self denial. "One day," he writes, "in the summer of the Servian war of 1876, there came to me in the dung-hill village of Paratchin, a picturesque-looking, frank-faced young fellow, wearing a flat cap—from beneath which escaped a wild mop of light-brown curls—who said his name was Villiers, and who presented a letter from Mr. Thomas, of the *Graphic*. The *puer ingenuus indolis* was shy—rare and pleasing trait in these latter days—but he was at once practical and ardent. Being extremely hungry, he wanted to be fed, and then he desired to be promptly accommodated with the spectacle of a bloody battle in the heart of which he would make sketches that should thrill with joy the artistic heart of Mr. Thomas. I got him a beefsteak—the last he ate for a good many days. I could not gratify him by a battle to follow, but that form of second course he had the fortune to share in very soon. A week later he smelt his first shell on the heights above Alexinatz, when Tchernaiëff drove back the Turks from their attack on his position, after which he had a turn of ambulance service in the shamble hospitals of Alexinatz. A few weeks later, when Osman's cannon were making things extremely unpleasant for the Servian Militiamen who had rashly taken the offensive against the commander's position over against Saitchar, I vividly remember the Russian general, Dochtouroff, objurgating Villiers vehemently on account of his

recklessness, as that young man sat on a hillock among the dropping shells while he calmly sketched the hard-fought struggle."

A career so fearlessly begun, has happily run through almost as many hairbreadth escapes as that of the Shakesperian soldier of Venice without any serious mishap! and to-day, still a young man, full of health and vigour, the reckless artist of Saitchar is ready to march at a moment's notice. Off and on, through the Servian campaign, he had the companionship of Archibald Forbes, who frequently carried the artist's sketches on his rides to distant postal stations. The record of the work of a war correspondent reads almost like the story of an active military commander. That the duties of the one are often as dangerous as the other has been too sadly proved upon several bloody fields. Some men seem to lead a charmed life. It was so with Russell; it has been so with Forbes, Simpson, Williams, Prior, Pearse, Millet and Villiers.

The subject of this too brief sketch, after the Servian campaign with Forbes, was with the armies of the Timok, Drina, Eber, and with Tchernaiëff on the Morava. He was at this time decorated with the order of the Takova and received a war medal. Later he travelled in Roumelia and Bulgaria, recrossed the Servian lines, and returned with the troops to Constantinople. During his wanderings he examined the Turkish army in Bulgaria, being received there with singular distinction and hospitality, owing chiefly, as it afterwards turned out, to his guide informing the commanders that he was an English Colonel, and Member of Parliament on a special mission to Turkey, with a view to an Anglo-Turkish alliance. The guide was not an Irishman, but it would seem that the Turk is not devoid of humour, nor ignorant of diplomacy. From Constantinople Villiers went to Russia, and saw the mobilisation of the Russian troops in Bessarabia, and returned to London in the month of February, 1877. When war was declared between Russia and Turkey, he started for Bucharest, where he joined his friend Forbes, and was present at all the great engagements of that terrible conflict.

"You have had some narrow shaves 'in the imminent deadly breach' and otherwise, as Othello puts it?" I remarked over a cigarette at his temporary studio in New York; "tell me one of them, and come and see the rehearsal of an invented tragedy of peace to-night, will you?"

"With pleasure," he said, looking up from the black-and-white picture he was drawing for the *Nineteenth Century*. "You were asking me the other day about the Russian campaign; did I mention to you an incident at Rustchuck?"

"Not a word of it," I answered.

"I hate to bore you," he began, "but have another cup of tea and I will tell you the story. I was with the Russian army, you know. We were a long time concentrating upon Rustchuck. There were occasional cavalry skirmishes, but no fighting. During a reconnaissance by our troops—one gets into the habit of calling the army "ours," whichever side one is with—my horse and I cut a very prominent figure. Some of our guns were in emplacements on the ridge of a natural glacis sloping towards the river. I had advanced with the skirmishing party down by the water, when the enemy's cavalry showing up in an attempt to outflank us, our general opened fire with his guns in position. My horse had never before been under artillery fire—a little detail I had forgotten. The horse had a better memory. Directly the first shell whistled over us, followed by the sharp blast of the gun behind us, he stood stock still. The situation puzzled him. He made up his mind, however, just as suddenly as he had paused to reflect. Without the slightest warning, he turned round, got his head, and bolted up the glacis right in face of the Russian batteries. Crash! crash! whiz! came the shell. I lay flat on the horse's back until we were right on the guns. Then I rose, and my horse with me. The next moment we had cleared the parapet, scattered the gunners and, all hot and flushed, I tried to explain to the members of Driesen's staff, who were roaring with laughter, why it was that I had come back to them so suddenly."

"But that was, after all, only a bit of the comedy of campaigning," I remarked.

"The tragedy of it, so far as I am concerned," he answered, "has been on the scale of armies, rarely in respect of individuals, except in the awful business of that march on Khartoum, when Cameron, of the *Standard*, and St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, lost their lives. Poor Herbert was shot by my side. I was nearly drowned in the Nile, and I suppose I was lucky not to get potted in the square at Tamai. But I believe my first

experience of war is the one that will live the longest in my memory. It was during the Servian campaign; I was marching with the Servians. Some shells were bursting in the scrub ahead of us; I was watching them. Then a shell burst in the pines close to us. One of the trees was blown to bits, and the hum of it was like wild music. This made me wonder a little. Presently the Servian battery limbered up and began to retire. While I was watching this operation a body of Servian infantry, who had been lying under cover of the scrub in front, rushed past me in more or less disorder. As they made for the road where the guns were disappearing a shell burst in the midst of them. The next moment I realised all the horrors of the situation; I knew what war was for the first time. Half a dozen poor fellows lay around me literally torn to pieces. It was an awful sight. I tried to steady myself, and did; for, after all, this was part of the tragic drama I had come out to illustrate. I drew my sketch-book from my belt and made my first serious war picture."

Villiers, on the declaration of the armistice between Russia and Turkey, was the only English correspondent who accompanied the Russian army on its entry into Constantinople. He was present at the signing of peace at San Stefano, and heard the Grand Duke Nicholas announce the conclusion of the war to the Russian Guard on Sunday, March 3, 1878. He received the cross for the passage of the Danube and the war medal. In June of the same year he went to Malta, and was present at the review, by the Duke of Cambridge, of that Indian contingent, the summoning of which was one of the most masterly diplomatic actions of Lord Beaconsfield's government. The November following found Villiers in Afghanistan, chronicling the fighting there until the signing of the Treaty of Gandamak. He then went to the Sydney Exhibition and returned to England by San Francisco and New York, thus completing a journey round the world. In 1882 he was on board the *Condor*, with Lord Charles Beresford, in the bombardment of Alexandria, and landed with the marines and blue-jackets led by Lord Charles to quell the rising that threatened the destruction of the city.

When Lord Wolseley arrived in Egypt, he followed that gallant general throughout the fortunes of the war. Advancing

with the army to Kassasin and Tel-el-Kebir, he was in the midnight march on the latter position with the Black Watch, and followed their memorable charge, so graphically described by Cameron, on that grey and eventful morning. Villiers's horse broke away from him, and he had to utilise bits of paper picked up in the trenches for sketching purposes. He was, nevertheless, enabled to furnish De Neuville with sufficient material for his pictures of the battle, which made a great impression when exhibited in London. Villiers remained at Cairo until after the trial and banishment of Arabi Pasha, and received for this campaign, from the hands of the Khedive, the order and rosette of the Medjidie and the Egyptian Star. In May, 1883, he carried his pencil and sketch-book to the coronation of the Czar at Moscow. February, 1884, found him on his way from London for Suakim to join General Graham, who had gone to avenge the defeat of General Baker, and he reached the Eastern Sudan just in time for the battle of Teb. Here Mr. Villiers had a much narrower escape from death than any he is willing to relate. The incident is described by his friend and comrade, Forbes, in his series of "Famous War Sketchers" in the *Sketch*. "Refraining from entering the square," says Forbes, "on account of the obscuring smoke which the fire would create, Villiers accompanied the cavalry, and had excellent opportunities for depicting the battle scenes. After its close, while sketching a pile of Arab dead he had a somewhat startling proof of the truth of Rudyard Kipling's quaint remark as to 'Fuzzy Wuzzy,' that 'he's generally shamming when he's dead.' One of the apparently dead Arabs suddenly came alive, sprang to his feet and rushed at the artist, brandishing his long knife. Its point was unpleasantly adjacent to Villiers when a soldier shot the Arab dead. The incident was what the Americans term 'a close call.'" At the battle of Temai he was inside the leading square when the Arab rush broke in, and for a short time he was in the heart of the desperate mêlée which ensued. Extricating himself presently from the press, he rode through the ring of Arab assailants, joined the mounted infantry, and ultimately reached in safety the rearward square commanded by Buller.

One of his pleasantest duties was probably accompanying the Mission of Sir W. Hewitt to the court of King John of Abyss-

sinia. He was the only correspondent and artist with the mission, which he joined as Private Secretary to Mason Bey, who represented the Khedive. The most serious of his military experiences was the Nile campaign of 1884-5.

"The Soudan," says Forbes, "has been called the grave of correspondents, and Villiers had several narrow escapes. He was twice nearly drowned in the Nile—once by the capsizing of a whale-boat, and again in the wreck of a river steamer, when he was two hours adrift in the water, and lost everything but what was on his back. He shared the glorious yet melancholy fortunes of Sir Herbert Stewart. He and Ingram were the only civilians who marched in the square which left Abu Kru on the errand of reaching the Nile, and which, after its short, sharp and decisive fight on the way, fortunately made good its position at Gubat as the sun went down, although too late to accomplish the object of the expedition."

Returning home from the Soudan, he went to Ireland and made some spirited pictures of the manœuvres of the evolutionary squadron in Bantry Bay. After a short rest, he started for Servia, and was with the forces (among whom he had seen his first battle) in all their chief encounters with the Bulgarians. On the declaration of an armistice, he journeyed homewards, but was stopped by a telegram at Venice requesting him to proceed to Burmah. Within a month he was at Rangoon, in time to accompany Lord Dufferin on his journey up the Irrawady to Mandalay. On Lord Dufferin returning to India, Villiers went to Constantinople to await the developments in the Balkan Peninsula. Eventually he joined the Greek army, and was in Athens during the blockade of the Greek ports. Since then, with an interval of a trip with the Governor-General of Canada through the Dominion, he has passed most of his time lecturing in England and the United States, illustrating his graphic narratives with his own admirable pictures. He is not only a fine draughtsman, but writes with facility, and has a capital style. He speaks well, too, and on the lecture platform cannot altogether get away from some incidents in which his courage is obliged to be made manifest in spite of himself.

It was three or four years ago when I ran across Villiers in New York, and invited him to that rehearsal of an invented

romance. 'We had previously met in an idealised garret in Carlton Terrace, London, when his interest was divided between Herbert Ward's stories of Stanley's rear guard, and the remarkable view we had from the window. Below us was a forest-like stretch of noble trees, out of which, in the distance, sprang the towers of the palace of Westminster and the Abbey. Villiers said there was no city in the world so full of artistic surprises as London. Versatility is a characteristic of all active natures. If Professor Herkomer had marched with an army on a sketching mission, he would, I fancy, have fulfilled every possible position in connection with art. Villiers, I remember, when we talked of the desirability of men eschewing grooves as much as possible, spoke of Herkomer; and recently it was Alfred Gilbert, R.A., whom he mentioned as an example of such versatility as Michael Angelo permitted himself.

Villiers was one of a little company of artists, journalists and actors, who witnessed the last rehearsal at Palmer's Theatre of what has been called "the weird play" of "John Needham's Double." He sat through it with sympathetic patience and interest from eight at night until two in the morning. The artist mind must be very impressionable when one thinks what a tame business this play-acting must have been compared with the romances and tragedies of which Villiers had been a spectator in all parts of the world. Watching him at Palmer's, I was reminded that I had sat by the side of the heroic parson of Rorke's Drift at the Princess's Theatre in London, and had noted the deep interest he felt in the mock warfare of the drama. He had only just returned from Africa, one of its heroes, and he confessed that what he was looking at on the stage was almost more real than the real thing itself; but then, of course, engaged in an affair such as Rorke's Drift, you were quite unconscious of the figure you were cutting, and you did not see much more than the immediate and, he might say, local scenes of the conflict. Similarly, Villiers could hardly have been more engrossed in sketching a battle than he was in making a study of E. S. Willard in the tragic scene of Norbury's death at Palmer's Theatre. During that same season I frequently visited the artist-journalist at his temporary studio in Lexington Avenue, while he was engaged upon

black-and-white work for the *Century* and *Scribner's*. Taking his ease from scenes of battle, murder and sudden death, he was lecturing to large audiences in various cities of the States, and making pictures of peace with reminiscences of war for London as well as New York publications. We recently talked those days over in London, and our ordinary experiences in America might have been full of real excitement, so well did my friend remember the time, and more particularly the author's friendly conflicts with the actor-manager over lights and properties and other incidents of staging connected with the fictitious woes of John Needham and Joseph Norbury portrayed on the first night and ever since, with the skill and intellectual force of a master of his art, by Mr. E. S. Willard.

"I shall never forget that first night at Palmer's Theatre," said Villiers, over coffee and cigars in his London studio in the pleasant suburban village of Cricklewood; "when I am in the mood, I give my friends as closely as I can a dramatic example of Willard stripping the body of your lovable Joseph Norbury and assuming the dead man's personality."

"It is wonderful what a power romance has, that the fiction of the stage, when playing at tragedy, can leave an impression so sharp in competition with such real and tremendous scenes as those in which you have taken part."

"Perhaps it is," he replied; "it may be that art has something to do with it; but I assure you that the second act of 'John Needham's Double' is to me just as strong in my memory as anything I have seen on life's real stage."

The reticence I referred to in my sketch of Dr. W. H. Russell, as characteristic of the *doyen* of war correspondents, is true of Villiers in regard to his own exploits. In the way of "interviewing," for publication, I have never talked with man or woman with whom I have not been on more or less friendly terms. I can the better understand the difficulty and the want of success with which some journalists follow their calling in this particular. You would have to be well posted in his history beforehand to draw out Villiers on his reminiscences. Smoking and chatting in his studio, it must be confessed you would find plenty of cues for questions. There is no more wonderful place than London for the variety and number of its "retreats

from the world," its oases in the "desert of bricks and mortar," its quiet parks and corners, its resting places amidst the noise and bustle of its ceaseless activity. The writer of fiction, the student of manners, or the philosophic observer is always safe in finding in the Metropolis every kind of life—Oriental, French, Italian, German, Russian; and every part of Europe, Asia, and America is represented in the curios and bric-a-brac of London dwellings. Here at Cricklewood, in a picturesque little street behind the principal hostelry, where the omnibuses from the City and Oxford Circus pull up every fifteen minutes, you are ushered into a studio, upon the walls of which most of the great wars of our time are represented in relics and trophies, which have been brought home by the English owner, who offers you a cup of Russian tea and a Turkish cigarette, or a Scotch whisky and soda and a pipe, and makes you at home, if you are equal to the occasion, in several languages.

With a little imagination, you might fancy yourself in an apartment of an "Arabian Nights" palace. You walk on Oriental rugs, you recline upon divans, or sink into luxurious chairs. The walls are covered with lattice work from Egypt, tapestry from Persia, and gilded screens from Burmah. Arabian lamps hang from the tent-like ceiling; pistols with jewelled handles, scimitars decorated in arabesque, curious pipes, charms against the Evil Eye, are clustered together in corners. What sunshine there is comes in through the antique window of an Egyptian harem, and a lamp that might have illuminated the mysterious halls of the wicked prophet of Khorassan makes the daylight visible.

Yet my host in his Norfolk jacket talks to me of a play he saw in New York, of the last time we met young Ward of Stanley's rearguard, of *Black and White* and the *Graphic*, of a certain Sunday reception in St. John's Wood, and refills my cup with tea and hands me another cigarette, just as if these surroundings meant nothing. There is no affectation in this. Years of familiarity with foreign countries and innumerable experiences of Continental troubles and Oriental warfare have accustomed him to the great events of our time and the symbols and relics thereof. The average man is anxious to make himself agreeable to a guest, and the most uncommunicative of hosts will, as a rule, talk about the treasures that he considers

worthy of a place in his sanctum. And for the sake of the reader, and with a desire to offer friendly homage to a remarkable young man, I propose to draw Mr. Frederic Villiers touching the spoils he has gathered together—trophies of his adventures, tokens of travels and relics of war. By degrees I make him the showman of his apartment. Every article, I find, has its history. The curious gilt and lacquered cabinet, that is partly reflected in a Burmese screen of teak and looking-glass, was King Theebaw's luncheon basket, looted by the war-correspondent. The window of an Egyptian harem already mentioned, is a fine piece of Cairene mashrabeyah work. From the inside, the women could see all that was passing without, but outsiders could get no glimpse of the people within. The bosses of the small, square apertures are worn with the sandstorms that sweep over the country and literally rub down portions of the wooden structures as they might be worn with sandpaper. The Burmese tapestries that cover one end of the room are very quaint and characteristic, and of a rare colour; the subject they portray is a teak forest with wild animals. Remarking upon the lovely tones of greenish-blue in a floor tile that is hung upon the wall among other relics, Villiers, answering my question as to its origin said: "That tile has a bit of personal history that is rather interesting. I was going through from Constantinople after the Servian war, to join the Turkish army, and I visited the palace of Sultan Salem the Magnificent, as he is called. It was not inhabited. The harem was composed of those wonderful tiles. I tried to induce the custodian to let me have one of them; the palace was going to ruin, and it was not much to ask. Unlike most Turks, however, backscheesh did not affect him. He was obdurate. I could not prevail upon him to let me have a souvenir of the palace, while, at the same time, I could not help admiring the man's devotion to his charge. The wonderful sight of those tiles was always with me; I think it almost induced me to join the Russian army in the next campaign—the chance of running with them to Adrianople and getting one of the tiles the Turk refused me. After many vicissitudes—crossing the Danube, witnessing the struggle at Plevna, pushing through the Schipka Pass, I arrived with the Russians before Adrianople. There stood the palace of Sultan Salem the

Magnificent, against a blue, frosty sky, "my goal at last," I thought; but the Turkish army made a bold stand in front of the town of Adrianople, and being compelled to retreat, set fire to a lot of ammunition at the barracks close to the palace. The fire swept on at a tremendous pace and catching one of the wings of the palace soon enveloped the whole, and I saw my wonderful blue-tiled harem gradually fall to pieces. A day or two afterwards Frank Millett and I volunteered with some Russian soldiers to go and dig in the ruins for treasure. I was one of the first to get to work. After many hours, we unearthed the only one tile that was intact, the others were utterly smashed up and ruined; that is the tile you are admiring."

No better illustration of the obstinate persistence of character that belongs to the successful war correspondent can well be imagined than this story of the Turkish tile.

Touching the curiously strained relations of France and England, and the maritime demonstrations of Russia, Villiers is of opinion that our own government regard the situation as serious. "Of course," he said, "the more cause for anxiety they see in the movements of France and Russia the better, for that means taking precautions and making preparations. War may break out any day in some remote spot, which, under ordinary circumstances, would be merely a local event; but to-day, amidst so many combustible elements, the chances are that the smallest trouble in the Balkans might set Europe ablaze. It is well known that peace between France and England was seriously menaced in Siam. If France really wants to fight, there are plenty of ticklish opportunities even outside Egypt, including Madagascar."

"You have had a large experience of Russian troops; what do you think of them?"

"Splendid fellows!"

"You were quite intimate with General Skobelev?"

"Yes; I had a great admiration for him. He was heroic in his ambition and his work. I saw him for the last time when the Russian army was facing Constantinople. His grim army, thirty thousand strong, were awaiting the command to occupy the city. He stood outside his tent, his yellow beard blown about by the wind, a veritable picture of all that is

soldierly and gallant. He wore the grey overcoat of the army; and a little distance off flickered the camp fires of his escort. I was just from Constantinople, and about to start for Malta to make sketches of our Indian contingent. 'Good-bye, General,' I said. 'Not good-bye,' he replied, 'but *à revoir*. We shall meet again—but how? Will it be when we Russians face the British? or will you throw in your fortunes with us and come with me? It would be a new experience for you.' 'But,' I replied, 'how would it be if you were beaten, for you know we English are never defeated?' He laughed and said, 'Anyhow, you will be well looked after; no harm shall come to you in my charge.' 'Thank you, General,' I replied, 'I'll think it over.' As a romantic figure in the history of our time, Gordon is the only hero that equals Skobelev.

Villiers lighted a fresh cigarette and sat down, evidently moved by his recollection of Skobelev.

Presently, with a remark about his collection of weapons, I had him on his legs again.

"These spears," I asked, "where are they from?" indicating several formidable instruments of death.

"I brought them from the field of El-Teb," he said; "and the mummy-case and partial contents thereof, that hang near the spears, have a somewhat gruesome history. On our advance up the Nile to Khartoum, some of the men who had broken this mummy-case open, finding no jewels, flung the body out from a window upon the sands; it was the remains of a girl; her hair was perfect, and it floated around her head as her mummy body fell; it was at least two thousand years old.

Once started, Villiers rattled on as we strolled about the room. "The skins upon which you are standing are hides in which we used to pack our things during the Abyssinian War, they run to a tremendous size. When the refugees crowded into the mosques at San Sofia, they sold their carpets, and parents sold their children rather than see them die of starvation. I was offered a beautiful girl. Being an Englishman, of course I could not buy young girls, so I bought carpets; this is one of them, by the Egyptian window. This long wide band of parchment, with its grim decorations, was given to me by an Abyssinian chief as a protection against the Evil Eye. The saint at the top, you

will notice has a full face with great eyes; at the foot of the scroll, which is, as you see, crowded with closely written prayers, the open-faced, full-eyed saint is dominant over the evil one, who is drawn in profile—can't look you in the face."

Directing my attention to a collection of swords and knives, he drew forth a couple of yatagans of exquisite manufacture.

"I took these," he said, "from the belts of a couple of Bashi-bazouks in the Russo-Turkish war." He handed them to me that I might see how beautifully balanced they were, how easy to handle, how deadly they might be. They had ivory hilts, and portions of the blades were inlaid with gold. Here also were pistols which my host had taken from the same picturesque warriors, and hanging close by was a fine Soudanese knife, "given me," said Villiers, "by the Italian Consul at Massowa. In the early days of the world, the Soudan was supposed to have been inhabited by the Malays; by way of evidence of this possibility, here is a knife with some of the characteristics of the Soudanese weapon which came from a cannibal district bordering the Malayan territory." Thereupon he handed me a very primitive wooden knife, similar in shape and finish to the finer steel weapon of the modern Soudan.

These are mere hints at the relics which the famous artist-journalist has collected, some of them associated with very painful recollections, notably poor Cameron's revolver, but I have enumerated sufficiently the contents of his studio to convey to the reader a fairly good impression of the artist's London home. In adjoining rooms you would find his bags ready for travel, his simple bed, his army boots, his spurs, saddles and what not, and some of the impedimenta that you will observe as part of his costume depicted in the fine portrait by his friend Logsdail, a copy of which accompanies this article. Referring to the accessories of the costume that Villiers wears on active service, and which add to the picturesqueness of Logsdail's admirable portrait, my friend proceeds to justify his warlike and useful paraphernalia, before he repeats what Forbes said when Logsdail drew aside the curtain, and the *Daily News* correspondent saw Villiers' counterfeit presentment for the first time. "Yes," he remarked, with a genial smile, "it is like him; he always reminded me of a walking Christmas tree."

ON RIOT SERVICE

Scott & Parry

Tales of the Service.

By WALTER WOOD.

AN officer, a sergeant, a corporal and twenty-four rank and file of the Norwood Fusiliers marched out of barracks on riot service. Each man carried his Lee-Metford and his bayonet, and his pouches were stocked with the ammunition that is made to kill.

"We might be going to take the field against a foreign army corps," growled the sergeant before he fell in. "Why can't they give us a cudgel apiece, or let's have a few cartridges with buck-shot in 'em? Or why can't they turn us into firemen, and send us off with a jolly good steam engine to drench the devils, or drown 'em if they wouldn't go? Fancy sending decent soldiers out for a mob of drunken colliers to play the fool with."

"You'll want something harder than water, and a trifle heavier than buck-shot to get the pitmen out of the way this time," said the sergeant-major. "They mean mischief; and the more you look at it in that light the better it'll be for you, and the easier you'll find things."

"Pooh!" scoffed Sergeant Chadd. "I'd undertake to clear the scum off the face of the earth with a dozen good men and a dozen good belts."

"You haven't done work of this sort before, have you?" asked the sergeant-major.

"No," answered the sergeant; "but I've done a bit of work of another sort

quite as bad." And he glanced at the strips of ribband on his breast.

"There are no medals at the end of service like this, Chadd," observed the senior with a smile; "and that's rather a pity, for my experience is that riot duty's rather worse than the worst campaigning, because you've got to grin and bear as much from the mob as —"

"As some poor non-coms. have to bear from the youngest cubs out of Sandhurst?" suggested Chadd. "Ah, well, it's all in the lifetime of a soldier; but I wish to heaven that when we go to fight at all they'd send us to meet somebody worth fighting. Fighting, did I say? Bah! there is no fighting in affairs like this."

"Wait till the bricks and stones come flying at you and about you," laughed the sergeant-major, "then you'll see there's fighting enough to suit even you—only it's all on one side. Your part of the work consists in being aimed at like a row of skittles, and in grinning and bearing it all like a Christian."

"I'm ashamed to march along the street on such a pothy piece of business," said Sergeant Chadd disgustedly.

"You haven't seen the end of it yet," replied the sergeant-major. "You mayn't come back quite as fit as you're going out. I once knew a man who came back from this sort of work with only one eye."

"If I don't return all right," said Ser-

geant Chadd, "I'll take precious good care that somebody knows about it. And so farewell until we meet again."

The sergeant laughed, and went to join the detachment.

They detrained at the dismal little station near the colliery to which they had been ordered, and marched in the rain along an ill-kept road.

Captain Bolton, who was a particular man, stepped lightly to avoid the puddles, but having plunged into one of especial depth and raised around his legs a smother of miry drops, he walked desperately on, and cursed the luck that sent him on a duty opening with such ill grace as this.

The troops ploughed through the mud, and boots and leggings became thickly caked with it. The rain dropped softly on the busbies, and trickled down the necks of angry men; it pattered on accoutrements that were spotlessly white at starting, and turned shining brass badges and buckles to a dull coppery hue.

"Belts like mottled soap, brass like verdigris, kerseys like crushed strawberries and boots like soup plates," muttered Sergeant Chadd discontentedly, "and all on duty that ought to fall to the police."

The detachment passed a row of brick cottages near the colliery gates. Untidy and unwashed women, seeing them pass the windows, rushed and opened doors and stood bare-headed in the rain, watching them march on. Grimy and ragged children, who were playing in a covered passage, darted out, and with cries of joy followed at the men's heels, covering themselves with mud. They stumbled on, mostly hand in hand, and blessed the providence that had sent so fine a show to their parts. One little girl, with light curly hair, great blue eyes and a dirty face, seized Bolton's scabbard, and her plump bare limbs splashed up the mud behind him. In less than a minute the child was

breathless, and she tugged at the captain's scabbard so hard that he stopped and bent his head towards her.

"Thoo roon faster than me, sowjer," she lisped. "Pick me oop an' carry me ta daddy."

Bolton laughed, gently unloosed his weapon from the child's grasp, patted her head, and told her to go back to "mammy."

"Hang me if the captain doesn't do the family man as if he'd kids of his own," muttered Sergeant Chadd, as the officer strode along to rejoin the detachment. "What the devil are you grinning at?" he snapped to the men. "Eyes front."

A colliery official, seeing the soldiers approach, opened wide a gate, and they marched through. Some of the children tried to dart after them, but the official seized the foremost, pulled his ears, knocked him, shrieking, into a puddle, and slammed the gate and locked it. The children gave a cry of disappointment, and when they saw the official walk away, shouted derisively and threw small stones and mud at him.

"This place has been set apart for the men, sir," said the official, bustling up to the captain and pointing to a long, low workshop; "and there's a little private office for yourself."

The men walked into the workshop, and rid themselves of busbies and equipment. Bolton entered the office, and threw himself savagely into a chair. He was looking gloomily out of the door, gazing at the dreary yard, and gnawing the end of his moustache, when a little man in a huge waterproof, wearing a silk hat, and hugging the stick of a great umbrella, appeared at the opening like an apparition.

"How do you do?" asked the little man, lowering his umbrella and shaking himself. "You're the officer in charge, I think?" He entered the room, and placing the tip of the umbrella on the floor, twisted the knob rapidly. The



A LITTLE MAN APPEARED.

rain flew from the cloth in a little shower, and some of the drops fell upon the captain's face and gloved hands.

Bolton rose and looked in displeasure at his visitor.

"I always do that," explained the little man. "It gets the water off the wires and cloth, and prevents rust and rot. I'm the magistrate who's been sent for here to act in case of need. My name's Fisk—Mr. Joseph Fisk; and you, I'm told, are Captain Bolton?"

The captain bowed stiffly. He disliked the little man already.

"Pleased to meet you," continued Mr. Fisk. "We shall get to know each other better, I trust. I feel safer now that armed soldiers are here. I believe in the presence of disciplined troops, with plenty of ammunition—ball—at a time like this. I'm a profound admirer of the army, especially the infantry. I was at one time a sort of soldier myself—only a member of a Volunteer Rifle Corps; but still, it shows my martial inclinations."

Bolton said, "Quite so," and tried to hide a yawn.

"I hope," said Mr. Fisk impressively, "I hope we sha'n't be driven to extremities."

"I hope so, too," said the captain.

"Because if we are," said Mr. Fisk pompously, "if we are, by the Lord we'll fire on 'em."

Bolton looked with contempt at his companion, and wondered why men like him were put on the commission of the peace. "Will you excuse me for a moment?" he said, "the sergeant wants to speak with me."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Fisk; "but if you don't mind, I'll walk across with you to the men's shed. I'm thirsting to know what you do when you're on active service. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," said the officer; and having done what he conceived to be his duty, he walked out of the office and joined the sergeant, leaving the justice to follow.

"There seems to be little cause for summoning the military," observed the captain as he returned to his temporary quarters. The rain had ceased falling, and Mr. Fisk put his umbrella in a corner to "sipe," as he expressed it.

"You mayn't think so now," replied the magistrate, "but you'll think so before the night's through. Mark my words—there'll be mischief and trouble here before morning."

"I trust you are mistaken," said the officer. "The quieter the people, the sooner we shall get away from this spot." He yawned again, and put his bearskin on the desk. Mr. Fisk looked upon it with envious admiration.

"The mob are re-assembling, anyhow, and they've done a lot of damage already. There isn't a whole pane of glass on the premises except in one or two of the buildings."

"They merely come to see the red-coats," said the captain.

"If there isn't need to call the soldiers out before midnight, I'm a Dutchman, and don't know anything of the people that I've lived amongst all my life." Mr. Fisk spoke as stoutly as he could, for he was responsible for summoning the troops, and was anxious that his conduct should be fully justified by circumstances.

"We are entirely at your disposal and direction," said the captain, and having again done what he thought was needed of him, he closed his eyes, but looked out of the corner of one of them at the puzzled justice.

Mr. Fisk glanced at his companion, made a slight grimace, which the captain saw, and then left the office.



"Miserable little humbug," said Bolton, awaking suddenly. "I hope he'll keep to himself for a while at any rate."

The captain lighted a cigarette, crossed his legs, and began to read a French novel, which a man who had been on riot service himself had told him he might find useful.

"Rum sort of chap, yonder," said Mr. Fisk to Sergeant Chadd, jerking his thumb in the direction of Bolton's quarters.

Sergeant Chadd, who was smoking a bad cigar, said "Um," and puffed a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Not the sort of man I should like to be under," Mr. Fisk continued, "eh?"

The sergeant went on smoking in silence. He once knew a non-com. who lost his stripes for saying that the colonel of the battalion wore petticoats, a remark which the chief, who feared his wife, happened to hear.

The magistrate spoke of the weather and the crops, and talked freely generally to Sergeant Chadd, who was content to say "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," as seldom as he could.

"The crowd's getting bigger—I knew it would," said Mr. Fisk exultantly. "Things'll be lively for us soon, I promise you. Wait till it's dark, and you'll see. And that won't be long. We're well armed, I think?"

"The Lee-Metford isn't a bad weapon," replied Sergeant Chadd, curtly.

"Shoots straight, and all that?" asked the justice playfully. "What amount of damage, now, is the bullet good for?"

"It would go through about four bodies like yours, sir," answered the sergeant, "and say three like mine; I'm rather thicker."

The cheek of the magistrate paled. "I—I didn't know it was so deadly as that," he said.

"Two shots are good for six or eight lives, and a limb or two extra," observed the sergeant placidly.

"I—I—trust we sha'n't be rash," stammered Mr. Fisk, who had sent for the troops under the influence of panic.

"Oh, sir, that'll all depend on you," said the sergeant, with grim cheerfulness. "We're simply the machine, and you're the engine that works it. You start the lever, and off we go."

Not displeased with his simile, Sergeant Chadd relaxed into a smile.

"Fetch them red 'errins aht," shouted a voice from the growing crowd.

"That's Jack Hurley, one of the most dangerous characters in this district," said the magistrate uneasily. "He threw a brick at me before you came."

"A few like him could cause a lot of mischief," said the sergeant reflectively. "He's a man of fancy, too. Did you hear him? Red herrings, he called us."



THE SERGEANT WENT ON SMOKING.

"It's—it's a likeness they draw in these parts," said Mr. Fisk, "between redcoats and—and —"

"I see," interrupted Sergeant Chadd; "I'll watch him specially if it comes to a dust. Look out, there's a stone."

The justice ducked his head, and a stone flew over him.

"'E sent me fur six weeks fur bein' droonk an' pawsin' a bobby," said Hurley in a thick voice, "an' by gow I'll be even wi' 'im."

Another stone was thrown, and the jus-

tice gazed in alarm towards the captain's quarters. Bolton, who had heard the noise, was standing in the doorway, holding the open novel in his hand. Mr. Fisk earnestly beckoned him to come, and the captain, having with a sigh put down his book and assumed his head-gear, walked slowly towards the magistrate and the sergeant. Chadd put his cigar in a crevice, so that he might find it again when wanted.

"I—I really think we'd better have the troops drawn up in the yard here," said Mr. Fisk hurriedly; "it—it would have a good moral effect. We have only three policemen, and they are powerless; in fact, they had to hide themselves before you came. We—we—of course, we needn't shoot." His courage was dying rapidly.

"That would depend on circumstances," said Bolton gravely. "Certainly not, if we can help it. Sergeant, tell the men to fall in."

Chadd saluted and departed briskly. Anything was better than aimless loafing at a place like that.

The magistrate saw the soldiers tumble out of the workshop and form up in two ranks, and he trembled from head to foot as he heard the thud of the rifle butts on the ground.

The men were called to attention, and

the officer turned to the justice. "We are here now," he said, "and act absolutely under your direction."

For the first time in his life Mr. Fisk felt that he was not born to command, and Bolton sighed a little as he told himself that this individual gave promise of being a rather worse commander than his own colonel.

The sun, which had just broken through the laden clouds, was setting, and its rays fell upon the badges and the brass of the men's accoutrements, and shone dully on the barrels of the rifles.

"Av nooā s'omach fur that sooārt o' wahrk," said one miner; "an' if ther's bahn ta be onny shooitin' they'll nut ha' ta ha' me as a targit."

"Bed's t' safest shop a neet like this," said a comrade; "an' if onnybody wants me they'll fiund ma oonder t' blankits."

The two walked off, and Hurley and his fellows jeered and called them duffers.

"If thah'rt a foil, Jack," said one of the pair, "it isn't ta say 'at we sud be foils too. Thee get hooām an' put thi 'eeād in a pail o' watter."

"Thee go. ā ta bed," said Hurley, and he turned and scowled upon the detachment. "Look at 'em," he cried, reeling towards the party. "They're like tin sowjers made i' Germany." He had been drinking at a dirty little brick inn just off the colliery premises, and he went on: "I dahr pull ther' nooāses, an' they dahr-n't say a word back."

"Knock ther popgoons aht o' ther 'ands, Jack," shouted one of Hurley's comrades.

"It wodn't tak' mooch to mak' ma do that," said Hurley. "Aw, dear, beg pardon, mister," he said, knocking clumsily against Bolton. "That wor doon accident'ly a purpose. Ye'll woān ha' ta mind yer tooās bein' crooshed a bit if ye stop 'ere."

"Big hulking fool," muttered Sergeant Chadd.

"You'll be much safer at home than here, my good man," said Bolton, with a mildness that he was far from feeling.

"Wot's this big red rag



HE HAD BEEN DRINKING.

rahnd yer body for, mister?" said the pitman, putting a grimy hand on Bolton's sash.

"Rive it off, Jack, an' hang 'im wi' it—that lamp'll mak' a rare good gallows," said a voice in the crowd, and the women and children shouted for joy when they heard it.

"Knock that coil bag off 'is heeād," cried another voice, and again there was a shout of merriment.

"Ye call that a boosby, dooan't ye, mister?" asked Hurley loutishly, pointing to the captain's bearskin. "An theease is t' new magazine rifles—eh? Wheear do you put all t' cartridges?"

"In carcasses like yours when the proper time comes," said the sergeant to himself. The officer still kept silent.

"Tak' 'is sooard an' fettle 'im oop wi' it," said the man in the crowd who talked so much and did so little else.

"If t' goover'ment sends sowjers aht ta shooit, they sud send reight men, an' nut lads wi' nooa w'iskers on ther faāces," shouted a handsome young woman who was standing in front of her companions, with her bare arms folded. "Coom 'ere one or two o' ye good lewkin' chaps, an' let's see what yer like near to."

Bolton smiled at this, but the sergeant looked grim and said to himself: "Brazen hussy,—she'd look better if she went home and washed and dressed herself."

"Eh, mister, ye wi' that bonny scarlet silk rhand yer showlder," continued the young woman, looking roguishly at Bolton. "Ye tak' precious good care to keep at t' reight end o' them goons. Onnybody dahr do that, I dahr. Ye sud turn 'em rhand w'en ye fire, an' shooit at yer sens."

"We don't want to shoot either you or anybody else," said Bolton good-humouredly. "We don't want to shoot at all."

"Then go hooām an' leeāve us to wersens," retorted the woman briskly. "We s'all nooān 'urt ye if ye dooānt tooch us."

"No good ever came of bandying words with a riotous mob," said the sergeant within himself, in stern displeasure at his superior's conduct. "Give it to 'em hot to begin with, an' send 'em off with their tails between their legs—that's what I'd do."

"What do ye call yersen's?" asked Hurley, staggering towards the sergeant.

Chadd gazed steadily at his questioner,

and fumbled with a button of his kersey.

"Are ye militia or volunteers?" said the pitman; but still no one answered.

"Bless my sowl, ye mun all be deeāf an' doomb—*can't* ye talk? Does *that* hel, ye at all?" he said, giving the sergeant a hard hit on the waistbelt.

Chadd reeled backward a pace or two, but instantly resumed his position. His jaws were clenched and he made no sound.

"Wah, owd cock, tha'rt as doomb as a pooāst," said his tormenter; "will nowt mak' tha talk? Can nooān on ye speyk?" he asked, looking at the two solemn ranks.

"Gi' t' officer a push, Jack, an' see what 'e'll do," said a voice from the crowd.

"Ay," said the handsome young woman, "dō soomat wi' 'im—I 'xpect they wor sent 'ere for us ta laāke wi'."

"Shoov' 'im inta t' middle uv 'is men," cried another woman, "an' see hah 'e'll like that."

"Tak' that thing off 'is heeād an' let's laāke at football wi' it," shouted a young collier from the back of the mob.

"An' a rare good idea, too," said Hurley. "'Ere, let's hev it, mister, an' dooān't mak' a foos abaht it."

He raised an unsteady hand and placed it upon the captain's bearskin.

"Stand back," said Bolton sternly.

"Nut withaht that boosby," said the collier, as he seized the long hair of the headpiece.

Bolton raised his hand, gripped Hurley by the throat, and hurled him from him with a force that sent the miner into the arms of his foremost comrades in the crowd.

"And now," said Sergeant Chadd, whose jaws unlocked for a moment, "now hell's let loose on earth for to-night, at any rate."

All this time the magistrate had been moving nervously about the officer, and once or twice he looked anxiously at a foolscap sheet of blue paper, which he drew from an inner pocket of his coat. When the collier was thrown back, Mr. Fisk tripped to Bolton's side and spoke fearfully to him. "My good sir," he said, "what have you done? The crowd will now be most dangerous."

"Am I to stand here and be made the plaything of a mob like this?" demanded

Bolton angrily. "Was I to let the thing go and be made a football of?"

"It—it would have amused them, and kept them in check," stammered Mr. Fisk, keeping one eye fixed on the mob, and the other on the men.

Chadd gave a low, windy whistle. "They couldn't find a better football than your wretched little carcase," he muttered.

"Perhaps if I gave them my sword and the men's bayonets to play with, they might be still more amused," said Bolton, undecided whether to be angry or tickled because of his companion's fear.

"They'd like it better if they got the rifles and cartridges, and had us standing as the targets," added Sergeant Chadd to himself.



HURLED HIM FROM HIM.

A flat, jagged stone came from the middle of the crowd, and struck the sergeant on the wrist. Blood trickled over his knuckles, and dropped from the tips of his fingers to the ground. But he said nothing that could be heard.

A piece of dross whizzed past the magistrate's ear, and struck one of the men's busbies. The man shuffled his feet a little, and his fingers nervously clutched the barrel of his rifle.

"Keep steady, men," said Bolton. "We shall manage nicely if there's nothing worse than this," he said to the magistrate.

Another piece of dross was thrown at

the detachment. It struck the silk hat of the magistrate, and made an ugly bulge before it dropped to the ground.

A dull roar of satisfaction rose from the crowd.

"You may, Mr. Fisk, if you wish," said Bolton, with a smile of pity at the miserable man at his side, "stand in the rear of the men. Then you would, at any rate, be out of reach of the stones. If it became necessary to read the Riot Act, you could step to the front for a moment.

The magistrate's face twitched, and he looked rapidly from the officer to the crowd, and from the crowd to the officer.

"If—if you really don't think it would matter, or be undignified to do so," he murmured, "I—I might do worse."

"Not at all, I assure you," replied Bolton. "It's every man's duty to look after himself at a time like this."

The justice, shamefacedly, for the men in the ranks were smiling, crept to the rear of the detachment.

The mob saw the movement, and there was another dull roar.

"We're nut thrawin' stooāns at ye, mister," said the young woman who had already spoken to Bolton. "Send that little Fisk aht, an' let's fling 'em at 'im."

The magistrate shuddered, and sheltered behind the tallest Fusilier in the rear rank.

"Let soomb'dy gooā rahnd an' cop 'im that way," said Hurley. The miner and two or three of his companions were drinking beer from a great stone bottle that had been fetched from the inn.

A small body of men left the crowd and clambered over a fence. They ran clumsily over a little clayey field, and worked round to the rear of the troops.

"Look at that pot-'atted devole 'iddin' 'issen," one shouted. "Woo, ger aht! Ther's nooābody flaāde o' thee nah, lad. Owd Fisk's tryin' ta 'id 'issen oonder t' coits o' theeāse sowjers. Coom aht."

The speaker threw a handful of gravel, and it struck the hat of the justice with a rattling sound. Some of the fragments smote the sergeant on the side of his face and on the unprotected part of his neck. He clenched his teeth harder than ever.

The Fusilier, behind whom the justice

was sheltering, raised the butt of his rifle from the ground as if to move its position an inch or two. He dropped it quietly upon Mr. Fisk's toes, and looked stolidly to his front as he did so.

The magistrate started back with a little cry of pain and fear, and casting a troubled look at the new assailants, hurried once more to Bolton's side.

"I am a humane man, captain," he said tremblingly, "and should dread to be the cause of injury to these poor people."

He paused, but the officer made no answer. "What had we better do?" he pleaded; "my very life is in danger at the hands of this mob."

"I am entirely at your disposal," answered Bolton. "I cannot act without your authority."

"If I gave you an order to do anything, I should suffer for it afterwards," said the justice. "Will persuasion do any good?"

"You might try it," said the captain.

"I will really," said the magistrate. "I should never forgive myself if mischief happened here through my—my—an error of judgment on my part."

The captain smiled. "You can fall back on us, you know, in case retreat is necessary."

Mr. Fisk, with uncertain steps, advanced towards the crowd, who could now be only dimly seen in the growing darkness. But he stopped when a few paces from the detachment.

Hurley put the stone bottle on the ground, and with mock gravity called for order. Silence fell upon the crowd, and the magistrate spoke.

"My good people," he said, "I implore you to go home before evil happens. We are stronger than you. The arm of the law is a powerful—eh—eh—the arm of the law is—eh——"

"Abt wi' it—say a cork leg," suggested a voice from the crowd, and there was a peal of laughter.

Mr. Fisk went on. "Her Majesty's troops are here to preserve the peace. They are armed with weapons against which you cannot hope to stand, and in case of need those weapons will be used."

"Inflated fool," murmured Sergeant Chadd.

There was still silence, and the magistrate gained courage. "You see how matters stand—unarmed men and women against armed and disciplined soldiers of the Queen."

"Unarmed!" shouted Hurley, seizing the great bottle and poising it in the air. "Unarmed? What the devil do ye call this?"

Mr. Fisk did not wait to answer, but stepped nimbly back. As he came to a standstill the earthenware vessel fell at his feet, and broke into fragments with a sharp crash.

"Smash them as we've smashed that bottle," shouted Hurley, and he led an assault on the detachment, so sudden and so fierce that for a moment the ranks were disorganised.

The men formed up again, and the assailants, laughing wildly, returned to their position.

"This is as good as billiards," cried Hurley, "nah then, get ready for anooother gooa—remember, they dahn't shoort, or even use ther bayonets."

"Stop a minute, Jack," said a voice from the crowd. "Owd Fisk's bahn ta read a text. Look at that blew bill—I know it's blew, because I saw him handlin' it a bit sin'."

"It's a cahnty coort soomuns, I'xpect," said another.

"Or a rate 'at isn't paid," said a third.

"It's th' Riot Act, an' I'm off," said a quiet, clear voice, and the speaker hurried away.

Mr. Fisk opened the paper with trembling hands, and more because he knew the words than because he



STARTED WITH A CRY OF PAIN.

could see them, read them aloud in unsteady tones.

"Pooh, twaddle," said Hurley. "Nah, lads, ready for another sweep—an' if ye can get a good fist or two in, do it."

"Ther gettin' ready ta fire," said a terrified woman, covering her head with a shawl.

"It's nobbut blank cartridge," said the lively young woman, who had suddenly become very quiet; but all the same, she edged uneasily away.

"It isn't even blank," shouted Hurley; it's all a sham—they want ta freeton us. We're nut such chickens as ta be flaade ur a move like that. They dahn't shoot us—dooan't roon away onny on ye."

"It's time we did something," said Bolton, seeing that Mr. Fisk was silent. "Shall we try what we can do with the bayonet? It would be better than the rifle just now."

"Ah, yes, do that, for God's sake," replied the justice.

Bayonets were fixed and the men advanced. The crowd fell back before them, jeering as they did so. The soldiers returned to their old position and again charged slowly. They went to and fro, advancing and retiring, and always the rioters kept the same distance from them and ceased not in their scorn.

"We may rest awhile," said Bolton to the magistrate. "We could go on all night in that way, and the end of it would be amusement for the rabble."

It was now quite dark. Suddenly a strong red light shone on the colliery yard, and turning round, Mr. Fisk saw that one of the outbuildings, stored with tar and oil, was bursting into flames.

"Incendiarism!" he cried.

"There'll be murder next," muttered Sergeant Chadd. "That hulking giant and his chums are dancing like fiends, and they're coming to swoop on us, too. Oh, it's another bath of bricks and stones."

This time a piece of dross struck the justice on the brow, and a stone bruised Bolton's ear.

"For heaven's sake do something," said the magistrate, "or we shall be killed where we stand."

"Anything you order shall be done," answered Bolton sharply.

"Then fire blank cartridge," commanded Mr. Fisk; "that'll frighten them."

"Regulations don't allow blank," said the officer simply.

The justice hesitated.

"They are making ready for another attack," said Bolton, "and if they get the upper hand this time we shall be awkwardly placed. Shall we fire a couple of shots?"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Fisk, glad to get off so easily.

"Then will you kindly pencil me an order? Here's a slip of paper," said Bolton.

"I—I give you the authority verbally," stammered the magistrate.

"Will you be so kind as to write it, then there can be no mistake?" asked Bolton.

The magistrate took the proffered slip and pencil, and in uncertain characters, writing by the light of the blazing oil and tar, gave the authority. Having done so, he retired to the rear of the detachment and wrung his hands.

"They have had a fair chance to go," muttered the officer, "and if anything happens, they're alone to blame. Third file from the right—with ball cartridge—ready—pre—sent—fire!"

Two sharp reports followed each other by the fraction of a second, and two tongues of flame leaped from the muzzles of the rifles.

The justice had closed his eyes and pressed his thumbs upon his ears, but he heard the explosion and saw the forks of fire.

Two men in the crowd fell to the whistling bullets, and silence for a moment reigned over all. Only the hissing and roaring of the flames were heard.

Some of the women shrieked, and seizing the arms of husband, son and brother, dragged them from the place, disregarding blows and curses. The young woman ran with loud cries to Hurley and begged him in God's name to go away with her.

He shook her savagely from him, and with brutal fury told her to begone to bed, where all women and cowards ought to be at that time. Then he turned round and in hoarse tones asked how many would be with him in an onslaught on the soldiers. Ther' not but firin' blank," he said.

"Whooā's coomin'?"

A few men shouted back "Me," "An' me," "An' me;" but others peered over comrades' shoulders, and seeing the two

still forms on the ground, sickened and walked away.

"Coom on," shouted Hurley, and he rushed towards the detachment, but alone, for the muzzles of the rifles were raised again and his companions cowered before them.

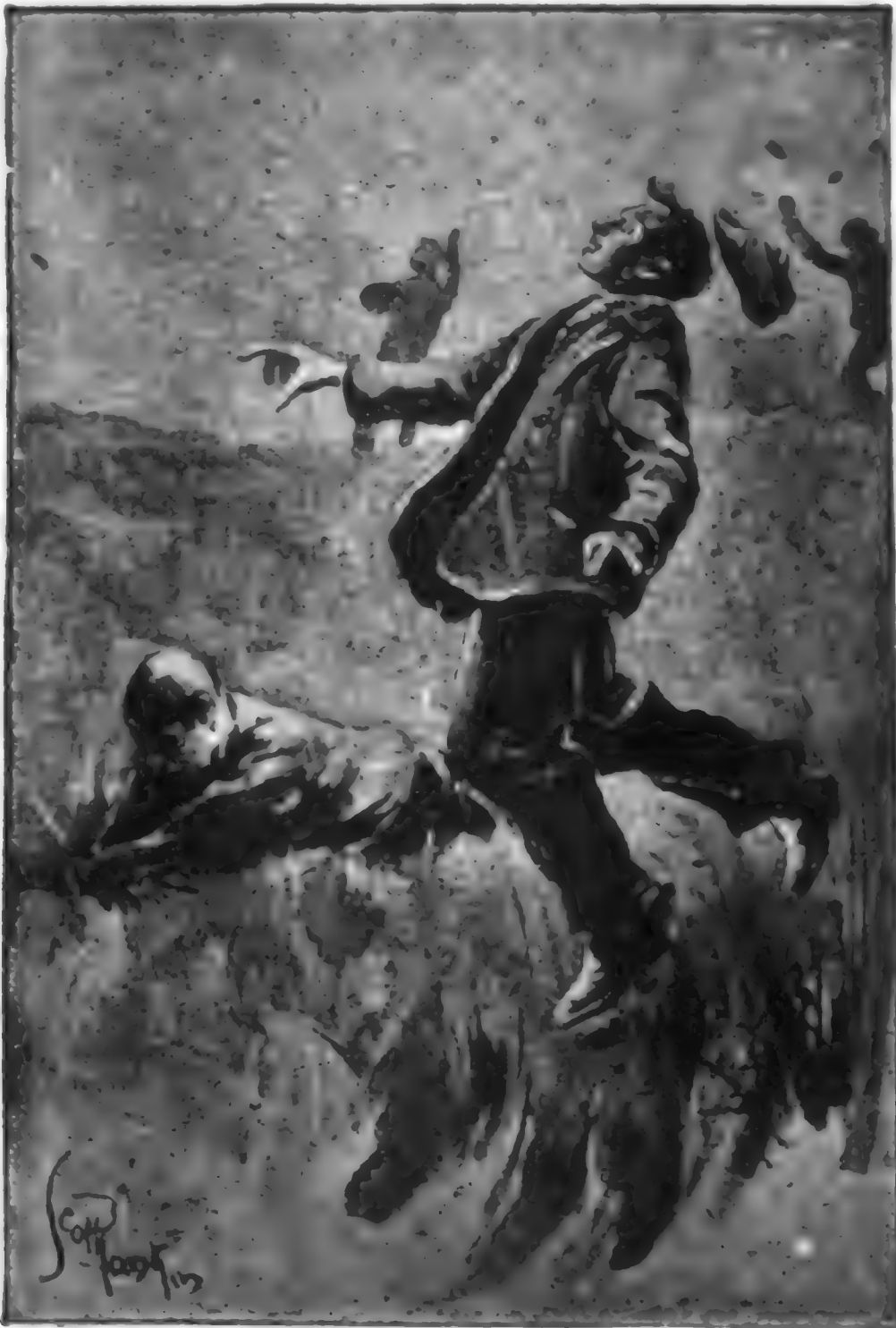
Hurley rushed on until he reached the spot where Chadd was standing. He stood panting and stared for a moment with blind fury at the sergeant. Then he

retreating mob, and no one saw the sergeant and the miner.

"You'd better go back to the scum you came from," said Chadd fiercely. "What do you stay here for?"

"I stop ta tell ye 'at ye'll nivver tak' part in another affair like this, that's all," said the miner; and the sergeant saw a strange gleam in his bloodshot eyes.

"The chances are that *you* never will,"



TWO MEN FELL TO THE WHISTLING BULLETS.

looked from the sergeant to a little enclosed space upon his right. There was a square barricade, made of four posts which supported stout planks. The barricade was low enough for a man to leap it, and high enough for a man to bend and walk under it. There was within the enclosure a circle of pitchy darkness, and the circle was the mouth of the air-shaft of the workings.

The captain, the justice and the men of the detachment were watching the slowly-

replied Chadd, "if you don't leave this place now. We've had enough of you and yours for one night. Isn't your thirst for mischief glutted?"

"It isn't; but it will be soon," said Hurley, his great chest heaving, and his breath coming thickly and rapidly.

"I warn you once more to go," said Chadd. "Go away, or you mayn't have the power to go."

"I *will* gooã, an' ye'll gooã too—we'll go together, body an' sowl," cried Hurley.

He fell upon the sergeant with the suddenness of thought, and wound his sinewy arms around his body. "Ther's nooã escape; ye can't get free; it's nooã good callin' nah," panted the giant.

The sergeant gave a loud, long cry as the collier raised him from his feet and hurried him, helpless in that iron grip, towards the air-shaft.

Bolton heard the call for help, and turned in surprise. By the light of the leaping flames he saw the pair struggling at the barricade, on the very brink of the shaft. He bounded forward, every muscle of his body twitching, and grasped one of the posts with his left arm, while he stretched the other out to save.

A great giddiness came over him, and

hardly knowing what he did, he clutched a yielding thing on which his hand had fallen.

There was one long cry of terror, one deep growl of curses; then the distant thud of soft falling bodies; then the silence of death itself.

The arm that encircled the post was gently unfastened, and Bolton stumbled blindly to his quarters.

"There's no more need for you to-night, sir," said the corporal. "The mob's had enough, and the folks are vanishing like steam. Perhaps, sir, I'd best take care of this till mornin'.

And the corporal, gently still, took from the captain's grasp the sergeant's torn sash.

Finis



A Chat About the Law Courts.



THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE, FROM THE STRAND.

TO some country cousins, whose London visits, like the angels', are few and far between, the block of weather-stained buildings between St. Clement Danes Church and the "Griffin," in the Strand, are still pointed out as the "New Law Courts." By most Londoners, however, it has probably been forgotten that until little more than ten years ago justice was still without its palace, and was administered partly in Westminster Hall, where sat the Courts of Common Law, Probate, Admiralty and Divorce, and partly in Lincoln's Inn, in whose purlieus were to be found the dread tribunals of the Chancery Division. The way in which the imposing structure, designed by Mr. George E. Street, R.A., with its Portland stone, has yielded to the influences of fog, smoke and rain, favours the illusion—and naturally produces a smile of incredulity on the country cousin's face when he is informed that these are the New Law Courts. And if the hands had executed the plan of amalgamating the Law Courts under one roof,

with promptitude at all corresponding to that with which the mind had conceived it, the great building would by this time have attained to quite a respectable age. It was in 1858 that a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the subject, which, in due course recommended such an amalgamation; it was not until 1874 that the foundation stone was laid of the Royal Courts of Justice.

On the whole, the structure which cost so many years' labour is well adapted to its great purpose. The charge which is most frequently brought against it is that it is all but impossible to find one's way about the building; but a difficulty of this kind, which those who habitually use the courts have, of course, long since overcome, was inevitable, considering the accommodation that it provides. A more serious objection is the waste of space in the Hall. At Westminster the Courts opened directly into the Hall, which was a promenade for barristers and their clients as they discussed the business they had in hand; in the Strand, the Courts are di-



Photo. by]

LORD HERSCHELL.

[Bassano.

vided from the Hall by flights of stone steps, and in consequence the Hall, as a rule, is almost deserted. Counsel and solicitors, clerks and reporters, congregate instead in the corridors above, especially at the Carey Street entrance, which is used principally by practitioners in the Chancery Courts, whose chambers are in Lincoln's Inn. On this spot there are usually a number of small groups, chatting about the state of business and other matters of professional concern. The only occasions on which the broad space of the Hall is turned to account are the days of the Lord Mayor's reception and the Lord Chancellor's breakfast. At one time these breakfasts to the judges and the leaders of the Bar were given on the first day of every term, but recent occupants of the woolsack have observed the ceremony only once a year, at Michaelmas. On these occasions a large number of barristers and others

gather in the Hall, to witness the procession of judges and distinguished Q.C.s as it passes through on its return from the Lord Chancellor's room at the House of Lords, cheering the while such wearers of the ermine and silk as are most popular with them.

Of the present Lord Chancellor it is said that he is unique in having reclined in his cradle and occupied the woolsack during the first fifty years of his life. Lord Herschell is only in his fifty-seventh year, but this is his second tenure of the office of the Lord Chancellor; he kept the Queen's conscience, it will be remembered, during the brief period of Mr. Gladstone's administration in 1886. Lord Halsbury, the ex-Lord Chancellor, on the other hand, is close upon seventy. But in another way he enjoys a distinction as unique as Lord Herschell's—he is the only Old Bailey practitioner who has risen to the woolsack. Lord Herschell's reputation was made in commercial cases at the Manchester and Liverpool assizes, although in earlier years he had defended a good many prisoners on the Northern Circuit, generally acting at the request of the judge, and consequently receiving no fees. For six years after being called to the Bar Lord Herschell, who is a London University man, did not earn enough to pay the rent of his chambers. Lord Halsbury is an Oxford man, and comes of an old family, the Giffards, of Devonshire. The other day he again sat in the courts,

as a member of the Court of Appeal, in place of the Master of the Rolls (Lord Esher), who was ill. A year or so ago an Act, which he himself introduced into the House of Lords, was passed, enabling ex-Lord Chancellors to give their services in this way. In 1891 Lord Herschell sat in the Court of Appeal during the illness of Lord Justice Bowen.

Of the various Courts in the building, ten belong to the Queen's Bench division and five to the Chancery division, whilst two are occupied by the Court of Appeal and two by



THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Photo. by]

[Whitlock.

the Probate Division and Admiralty Division. It seldom happens, however, that all these Courts are occupied. For one thing, a number of Queen's Bench judges are away on circuit during a considerable part of the legal year. Then Divisional Courts have to be formed, and so, owing to frequent re-arrangement, you cannot rely on finding a Queen's Bench judge in one particular Court, as is the case with his Chancery brethren. Every barrister and solicitor, however, is notified of the judges sitting on the morrow, and the business that is to come before them by the Official List, copies of which are left at their chambers or offices in the course of the afternoon.

A number of them are placed about the courts; and, consulting one of these, we find that it is a good average day for business. That is to say, about two-thirds of the legal machinery at the Royal Courts of Justice are in motion. Both Courts of Appeal are sitting, all the Chancery Courts, and about six of the Queen's Bench division, while the Lord Chief Justice is at work with a brother judge as a Divisional Court, hearing a certain class of appeals.

The Court of Appeal consists, for ordinary purposes, of six judges: the Master of the Rolls and five Lords Justices; but it possesses several *ex officio* members, who sit whenever the ordinary members fall ill. The judges who constitute this reserve force are the Lord Chancellor, former keepers of the Great Seal, the Lord Chief Justice and the President of the Probate Division and Admiralty Division. It has been suggested that the law lords might reasonably be added to their number—a suggestion to which the ample leisure enjoyed by these judicial dignitaries in the House of Lords gives considerable point. The Court of Appeal is in the nature of twins—it really consists of two bodies. One determines appeals from the Queen's Bench Division and the other reviews the decisions of Chancery judges. The former

Court is presided over by the Master of the Rolls, the latter by Lord Justice Lindley. At infrequent intervals the "idle juniors of an empty day," who attend the Appeal Court in fairly good numbers, because the greatest amount of law is to be "picked-up," enjoy the pleasure of beholding a "full court." This is when some unusually difficult question arises, and the combined efforts of six distinguished judges are thought necessary in the interpretation of a statute which, by a figment of the law, the humblest layman is supposed to understand. On these occasions it is impossible for any advocate to make a speech. He is cross-examined

by the occupants of the Bench, who compete to question him directly a proposition falls from his lips. Having dealt with the inquiries of one judge, he is immediately confronted with the arguments of another, and so on, all through the piece, to the utter destruction of any plan he may have made for the statement of his case. In a smaller degree this Socratic practice exists when only three judges are sitting. They arrive at their decisions without allowing an advocate to finish his sentences.

This method of administering the law, though sometimes annoying to counsel, is beneficial to suitors; for it possesses that

great virtue in legal matters—rapidity. So quickly do the judges of the Court of Appeal dispose of their work that they are sometimes in the happy position of having nothing to do in their own Court. Some of them have been known to utilise this leisure by descending into the "Courts below" and assisting in cutting down the arrears of the Queen's Bench Division; and not long afterwards the judges of first instance have been gratified by observing some of the decisions of these Lords Justices reversed on appeal. The leisure which renders the position of a Lord Justice so extremely attractive is not entirely due, however, to the rapid methods of Lord Esher



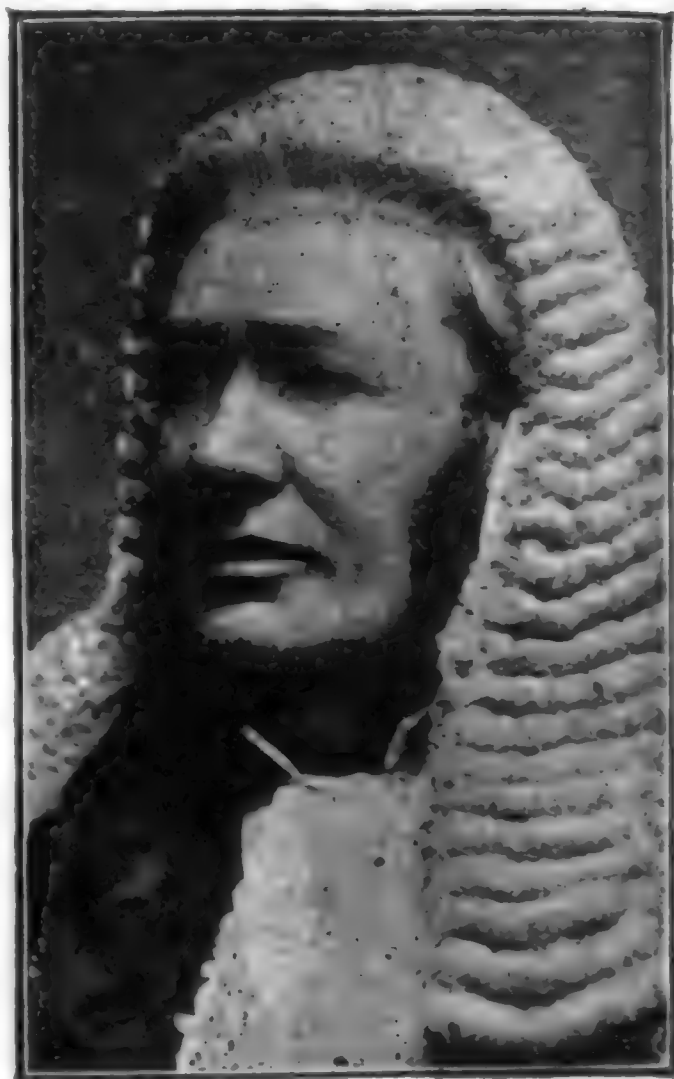
LORD ESHER, THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.
Photo. by Ferrard.

and his colleagues. For some time past the number of appeals has been decreasing, notwithstanding the fact that some three years ago the duties of the Court were extended by the transfer of motions for new trials from the Divisional Courts. The chief explanation of this diminution is that the judges of the Court of Appeal are less inclined than they were to interfere with the verdicts of juries. They frequently declare that possibly they themselves would not have arrived at the conclusion which they are asked to set aside, but they refuse to interfere with it, on the ground that the decision is one which twelve men could reasonably arrive at.

The Court of Appeal is, beyond all doubt, a powerful tribunal, though its strength was diminished by the retirement of Sir Edward Fry, and the elevation of Lord Bowen to the House of Lords. Lord Esher, who succeeded Sir George Jessel as Master of the Rolls in 1883, is a strong judge in every sense of the word. A lawyer of



LORD JUSTICE SMITH.
[Photo. by] [Stereoscopic Co.]



[Photo by] LORD JUSTICE LINDLEY. [Bassano.]

versatile learning, but with a special knowledge of mercantile law; he arrives at a decision early in a case, and expresses it in clear and vigorous terms. Some judges are swayed by counsel and alter their opinions three or four times

in the course of a trial. Not so the Master of the Rolls, who makes up his mind quickly and proceeds to overwhelm the opposing advocate with argumentative illustrations and caustic wit. He has sat on the Bench some twenty-five years, and is within three years of being an octogenarian, but his physique continues to recall the athletic prowess of his University days, and to remind one that he rowed for Cambridge in the 'Varsity race. He is not the only member of the Court who enjoys this distinction. It is shared by Lord Justice Smith, whose career has been a singularly rapid one. Having acted as Attorney General's "Devil," he became a judge without having been a Q.C., and after gaining immortality as a member of the Parnell Commission, was promoted to the Court of Appeal within nine years of being raised to the Bench. Lord Justice Lindley, who presides over the Chancery branch of the Court, is the son of a distinguished botanist, and established a reputation at the Bar by writing a book on partnership law, which speedily obtained the status of a legal classic. He is one of the most profound lawyers on the Bench, and delivers his judgments in language so clear and simple that he who runs may read them. Lord Justice Lopes is rather more at



[Photo. by] LORD JUSTICE LOPES. [Bassano.]

home with facts than with law, but his large fund of commonsense and dislike of mere technicalities, as well as his courtesy and kindness, make him a most useful and popular member of the Court.

Before Lord Justice Kay occupied a seat in the Appellate tribunal he was the senior judge of the Chancery Division, and was distinguished for the vigour with which he denounced the proceedings of solicitors too fondly attached to costs. When he sits in the Equity Section of the Court his "big, manly voice" is always to be heard as often as that of the advocate arguing the case; but he usually interrupts to some purpose, being as keen

They consist, for the most part, of shouting "Silence! silence!" whenever he thinks it desirable to remind the Court of his existence, and getting from the library shelves the books to which the judge is referred. But it is a mournful life, ever listening to arguments he cannot comprehend upon questions he cannot understand. Is it surprising that the proceedings of the Court are occasionally interrupted by a snore? There is, indeed, a strong soporific air about the Chancery Division. Here is the "calm sequestered vale" of the law, while the breezy heights are in the Common Law Courts. The technicalities of mortgages are not calcu-



Photo. by] LORD JUSTICE DAVEY. [Elliot and Fry.



Photo. by] LORD JUSTICE KAY. [Stereoscopic Co.

and as learned as he looks. The junior member of the Court—Lord Justice Davey—is one of the most accomplished lawyers that ever sat on the Bench. As the leader of the Chancery Bar his income was not far short of £30,000 a year, which he sacrificed for £6,000 and the honours of the ermine. Like his predecessor—Lord Bowen—he is a scholar as well as a jurist, and his judgments, while being models of judicial conciseness, are adorned by epigrammatic sayings and apt quotations.

Probably there are few persons more to be pitied than an usher in a Chancery Court. His duties, it is true, are light.

lated to excite much interest beyond the narrow circle of the parties pecuniarily affected by them. The counsel display no enthusiasm and speak in whispers. Anything in the nature of oratory is quite absent. It would, indeed, be as easy to be eloquent in asking for a postage stamp as to exhibit any oratorical skill in arguing most of the questions with which Chancery barristers have to deal. Several of the most successful men at the Equity Bar are among the worst speakers to be heard in the Royal Courts of Justice. Their speeches are without fluency, emphasis or grace. All that they aim at is lucidity; and often the manner in which

they achieve this object is truly wonderful. The most complicated facts acquire simplicity and clearness under their skillful management, though their voices never rise above a conversational level. It does not follow, however, that because a man does not shine as a speaker in the Chancery Courts he can lay no claim to oratorical merits. The atmosphere of Equity might chill the current of the most eloquent speaker's soul.

The only occasions on which the dull routine of the Chancery Courts is relieved is when some newly appointed Queen's counsel are called within the Bar, or when a persistent litigant appears in person. Ever since the days of "Miss Flite" the Chancery Courts have been the favourite resort of impecunious people with a litigious turn of mind, and following the example of the little lady immortalised by Dickens, many of these eccentric advocates of imaginary claims attend the Courts daily. At one time there was quite a band of lady litigants wandering about the Chancery Courts. This feminine invasion was at its highest in the days of Mrs. Weldon, Miss Fray and Miss Jenner. Happily, the number is not so large as it used to be, the chief representatives of the race in these days being Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Cathcart; but the extraordinary irrepressibility of the former lady makes it difficult to say that any improvement has taken place. On the whole, however, the number of suitors-in-person has largely increased within the last few years, not only in the Chancery Division, but also in the other branches of the High Court. It sometimes happens that a litigant who dispenses with legal assistance conducts his case with considerable skill, which is apt to be over-estimated, however, in view of the fact that judges give to such a suitor a liberty they never extend to counsel. The "party" who has shown to most advantage in this capacity within the last few years is Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who successfully op-

posed the Law Officers of the Crown; but even his achievements were inferior to those of Baron Grant and Mr. Bradlaugh, both of whom fought their cases with a skill which few barristers could have equalled. As a rule, however, the man who argues his own case exemplifies the truth of the familiar saying which prevents many from following his example. Destitute of any conception of the rules of evidence and of any sense of the proportion of things, he merely succeeds in doing for himself what Dogberry asked to have done for him.

After the absence of the jury, the fact in which the Chancery Courts differ most materially from the common law tribunals is that each court has its regular set of Q.C.s. It is one of the cardinal points of the etiquette of the Equity Bar that a "leader" attached to a particular court must not appear in any other unless he receives a special fee of fifty guineas. Two Q.C.s "go special," as the phrase runs in Lincoln's Inn—that is, they require a special fee of fifty guineas before appearing in any of the Chancery Courts. This was the exalted position which Sir Horace Davey and Sir John Rigby occupied for many years and in which they earned the handsome incomes that rumour, ever generous in such matters, attributed to them. The learned gentlemen who now stand on this professional eminence are Mr. Cozens Hardy, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Montague

Crackanthorpe, Q.C., the first of whom is a leading light in the West End circles of Dissent, and is likely to be appointed a judge when the next vacancy occurs in the Chancery Division. While Equity Q.C.s are prohibited from trespassing upon the preserves of each other, Common Law leaders are able to invade the domain of all. Their services are mostly employed in witness actions, owing to their superior powers of cross examination. Mr. Finlay, Q.C., though nominally a member of the Common Law Bar, is



Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE ROMER. [Russell & Sons.

often to be seen in the Chancery Courts, and especially before Mr. Justice Romer, whose whole time is devoted to the hearing of cases with witnesses. He is a profound and versatile lawyer, and next to Sir Richard Webster, now earns the largest income at the Bar. The ex-Attorney General derives a large part of his income from patent actions, most of which are tried in the Chancery Courts. He is the leader of a little band of barristers who are known as patent lawyers, chief among whom are Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., Mr. Bousfield, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Theodore Aston, Q.C.



Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE CHITTY. [Stereoscopic Co.

The most popular judge of the Chancery Division is Mr. Justice Chitty, who is also the oldest. He is witty as well as weighty. When the proceedings of his Court were disturbed by the falling of some plaster from the ceiling, he immediately exclaimed: "Fiat justitia ruat cælum." His massive shoulders bear witness to his achievements as an oarsman at Oxford, where he gained distinction as an athlete as well as a scholar. For many years he acted as umpire at the 'Varsity boat race and was one of the most active members of the "Devil's Own," as the Inns of Court Volunteers are called. Now he finds relaxation in playing the violin. The leading advocate in his Court is Mr. Byrne,



Photo. by] MR. E. W. BYRNE, Q.C., M.P. [Webber and Sons.

Q.C., the Conservative member for the Walthamstow division of Essex, who is distinguished for the softness of his voice and the "hardness" of his head. Mr. Justice North is probably the slowest judge on the Bench; but it is doubtful whether suitors are the losers, because his slowness is equalled by his sureness, the number of his decisions which are revised in the Court of Appeal being very few. His conscientiousness leads him to deliver



Photo. by] MR. SWINFEN EADY, Q.C. [Elliott & Fry.



MR. RALPH NEVILLE, Q.C., M.P.

Photo. by]

[Russell and Sons.

judgments of inordinate length, the preparation of which occupies much of the time that the public is accustomed to think he devotes to the trivial affairs of social life. The principal Q.C.s practising before him are Mr. Swinfen-Eady, Mr. Everitt and Mr. S. Hall. The Equity Bench is adorned by two Senior Wranglers—Mr. Justice Stirling and Mr. Justice

Romer. The former was raised to judicial office straight from the ranks of stuff-gownsmen. He acted as Attorney-General's "Devil," or Junior Counsel to the Treasury; a coveted position, which, in almost every instance, has formed a stepping-stone to the Bench. The "leaders" who obtain the largest amount of business in Mr. Justice Romer's Court are Mr. Neville, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Birrell, Q.C., M.P., all of whom are staunch Gladstonians; while the learned judge frequently spoke on Unionist platforms before judicial honours were conferred upon him. In Mr. Justice Stirling's Court the most prominent coun-



Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE KEKEWICH. [Barrand.



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., M.P.

Photo. by]

[Stereoscopic Co.

sel are Mr. Graham Hastings, Q.C., Mr. Buckley, Q.C. (who is the leading authority on Company law), and Mr. Grosvenor Woods, Q.C. To Mr. Justice Kekewich belongs the distinction of disposing of his cases more rapidly than any of his brethren, and, it must be added, of supplying the Court of Appeal with most opportunities of showing its superiority to the "court below." The lion's share of briefs in this Court goes to Mr. Warmington, Q.C., M.P., who addresses the judge with an oratorical warmth, proving the rule we have referred to, and whose income, swollen as it is by his frequent visits to the Court of Appeal, is probably larger than that of any other member of the Chancery Bar.

Let us now look into the Courts of the Queen's Bench Division. They are

by far the most attractive to the casual visitor, with the exception, it is to be feared, of that over which Sir Francis Jeune presides. As compared with the Appeal Courts and the Chancery Courts, they have for the public, it is true, but one distinctive feature—the presence of a jury. But what a difference the presence of a jury makes in the speeches of counsel, in the examination and cross-examination of witnesses, even in the proceedings of the judge himself. Eloquence is cultivated by practitioners on the Common



Photo. by] SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P. [Heath.

Law side in order that juries may be persuaded; by the equity men it is generally disregarded, because it would be wasted upon the judges, who are apt to distrust the too fluent reasoner. The art of interrogation is carefully studied, with a view to discrediting the false witness in the eyes of the jury. In the Chancery Courts the importance of the facts is usually overshadowed by that of the points of law involved. The Queen's Bench judges acquire a more or less simple style of speech, because, in summing-up a case, they must make themselves clearly understood by the twelve men of various sorts and conditions whom it is their duty to direct; their Chancery brethren never have to sum up, and when discussing the case, or giving their judgments, address themselves only to the barristers present, and the future barristers and judges, who may quote their judgments as precedents.

It is in the Queen's Bench Courts that the best orators at the Bar, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Henry James and Sir Edward Clarke can be most frequently heard. The three men, in whose hands at the present day are placed the traditions of Erskine and Brougham, have widely different styles of speech. The general public are probably most familiar with Sir Charles Russell's, owing to the unflagging energy with which, since the first

introduction of Home Rule, the Attorney-General has carried on the labour of the platform. Not that the brilliant advocate addresses a jury in quite the same manner that he delivers a political address. There are some little points of difference. In Court there is much more variety in his tone—now pleading, now declamatory, now falling to a dulcet key, now rising to a crescendo. Sir Edward Clarke has a much more placid style; his words are full of argument and close reasoning, but they fall upon the ears with almost un-

varying regularity. The style at times is apt to be a trifle monotonous, but at other times the calm conviction with which the ex-Solicitor-General speaks gives his appeal a quiet forcibleness, such as readily impresses the common sense and intelligence of a jury. Such was undoubtedly the case in the well-remembered Staunton trial, in which he achieved fame at a bound. Sir Edward learned the art of speaking in his youth by attending the debating society connected with the educational classes at Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate. This institution has since developed into the City of London College, Moorfields, and Sir Edward Clarke has never ceased to take a practical interest in its welfare. Sir Henry James is much more the purely forensic orator than either the learned member for South Hackney or the learned member for Plymouth, although, curiously enough, he has beaten them both in the struggle for distinction on the floor of the House of Commons. This may be as much because of his chivalrous action in refusing the Lord Chancellorship for the sake of his political principles—a circumstance so much noticed at the time that it gave rise to the gibing question—"Has a lawyer never been honest before?"—as of his trenchant and vigorous speech in the cold, metallic voice which resounds

throughout the smaller area of the Courts with such deadly effect on any fallacious argument or sophistical plea on the part of an opponent. Sir Henry James is the son of a Hereford solicitor, but on finishing his education at Cheltenham he did not at once embrace a career at the Bar. For some time he served in a commercial office, an experience which proved of the highest value to him between 1850 and 1870, when pursuing a splendid practice in commercial cases. Sir Henry is now sixty-five, although watching him at work in some *cause célèbre*, one would suppose him to be a younger man, and it is over twenty years since he was first appointed Solicitor General, and knighted.

In cross-examination Sir Charles Russell unquestionably takes the palm from all living predecessors in the office which he holds. One of his sharp, decisive attacks on an evasive or untruthful witness is not likely to be forgotten by any visitor to the Courts; few are there who do not flinch before his stern questioning and withering glance. His superiority over the ex-Attorney General in this important and on the whole highly useful art was never more clearly shown than before the Parnell Commission, when the two men daily confronted each other. In the depth of his legal learning, in the range even of his professional experience, Sir Charles Russell is not to be compared with Sir Richard Webster, but even more striking is the contrast between the rapier-like thrusts of the one cross-examiner and the more laborious manœuvres of the heavy sword of the other. Notwithstanding a rather brusque manner, common to both, the Attorney General and ex-Attorney General are alike popular in their profession. They have had but one quarrel with Sir Richard Webster, and that arose over

his refusal to sing at one of the smoking concerts of the Bar Musical Society, of which Lord Herschell, himself an excellent pianist, is President. The ex-Attorney General some time ago did give the aid of his fine tenor voice to a charitable concert in St. Luke's, organised by Lady Jeune, the philanthropic wife of the President of Probate and Divorce, and Admiralty Division.

As a cross-examiner, however, Sir Charles Russell has once or twice almost met his match in Mr. F. C. Gill. The encounter which took place between them during the trial of the *Financial News* case is still freshly remembered in legal circles. Since that time Mr. Gill has appeared a good deal in the Royal Courts, but his style, it must be said, is still too much that of the Old Bailey, to which hitherto his experience had been almost wholly confined. But, although apt to be a little too waspish, though inclined to give his tongue too much licence, Mr. Gill has undoubtedly a great talent for extracting the information he wants from an unwilling witness; without Sir Charles Russell's finesse, he has all his knowledge of human nature in the witness-box and all his readiness to turn that knowledge to account. Still in the prime of life, Mr. Gill has un-

doubtedly a distinguished career before him, and he will probably occupy the position which Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., now occupies when the learned member for York receives the appointment which is the reward of a grateful political party. In that event, however, he cannot hope to succeed as Mr. Lockwood often succeeds with the most difficult of witnesses, by the sheer force of his good nature, his genial smile and winning look, backed by a clear and exact perception of the evidence required by his client's case.



SIR RICHARD WEBSTER.

Photo by]

[Stereoscopic Co.

(To be completed next month.)



FROM THE GERMAN OF
ALEC, BARON VON ROBERTS.

By DAGMAR HOLBERG.



ON entering my wife's morning-room after a business journey, I found her kneeling by the side of a chair, on which was seated a baby-boy, with great, round, astonished eyes. She got up, rustled towards me, and greeted me neither more warmly nor more coldly than was our wont.

"There it is," she said, pointing to the child.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She was crouched down before the child again, holding up a biscuit before it; and, half turning to me, she observed lightly:

"Why, don't you remember, we read about it the day before yesterday in the newspaper. Isn't it nice?"

Only now I remembered that a few evenings before she had pushed a newspaper into the circle of light surrounding my lamp, pointing to an advertisement and saying: "There, read that!"

It was the usual, "Appeal to the benevolent"—a cry of agony from a broken heart—a mother offering her child to rich people for adoption.

"What do you say to our taking it?" she had asked. I returned her the paper with a shrug.

"But, Marta, what is the meaning of this?" I cried in a voice trembling with disapproval. "You really might have ——"

"Quite so—as you see. However, it belongs to me. I settled with the wretched mother on the spot; besides which, I swore to take good care of it. And so I shall."

She took the little head, covered with silky, light brown curls, between her two hands. "Isn't that true, little one? I shall take good care of you?"

In the small, delicate face there was no answering look, only from the heart-shaped mouth came one of those strange, heavy sighs which children sometimes give forth.

I gave up any further serious objections. Had we not been accustomed to act for years without consulting one another? Our married life had not been happy—no,



I FOUND HER KNEELING BY THE SIDE OF A CHAIR.

it had not been happy, although we had not married for love. Our respective fathers had arranged the matter one day in the midst of the turmoil of the Exchange. She had torn her heart from another, and in mine, too, there glowed a silent passion; but the business aspect of the affair was more potent, and we were obedient children. At first we were merely a silent reproach to one another, then followed sad days of open warfare; at length, we accustomed ourselves to a polite but colourless domestic peace.

It is true she was good, she was pretty, she was clever; other people spoke of her as "a perfect angel"—and I?—well, I don't think I was exactly a monster. We had been married six years and had no children. If heaven had been merciful and sent us some, perhaps—who knows?

Well, the child belonged exclusively to her. As I discovered later, she had paid the mother one hundred and fifty pounds, obtained by the hurried and secret sale of some jewels.

"Why did you not tell me about it?" I burst out.

"Because by the time you returned it would have been too late. I wanted to have it all for myself," she retorted.

My horses, my dogs—her canaries, her gold-fish.

Very well—that was permissible; but that she should have the child all to herself was a little too much for me. The thought of it tormented me for two whole days. On the third, while she was out driving, a muffled-up woman begged to be allowed to see me—the mother of *her* child. She slipped into the room like a shadow, and, with low, half-choking sobs, said she must see her darling again—she could not part from him like that.



"THERE, MY GOOD WOMAN," I SAID.

In a moment I had my cash box open. "There, my good woman," I said, "take this; you were underpaid." She broke into fresh sobs—I was not to judge her too hardly before hearing how great her misery was. She had a second child, a poor helpless cripple, but she herself was ill and had not long to live—what then was to become of this miserable little creature? So she had thought

that—I guessed at the rest of what she wanted to say, interrupted as it was by a violent fit of coughing. She had thought, "I will sell the healthy one that the cripple may have something when I am gone."

No! We should not judge her too harshly. We rich people are not so sorely tried.

When my wife came back I told her of the visit.

"I gave the poor thing exactly what you did. The child belongs to both of us now, you see."

She dug her little teeth into her underlip.

"All right," she said, after a short but thoughtful pause, and proceeded to press a loud kiss on the baby's mouth, which sounded almost like a challenge.

Oh, yes—of course it was *our* child. But I scarcely ever saw it, and in all the changes which occurred in our household on its account I was simply ignored. Now and then my advice would be asked on some very important question, but only after all the arrangements had been made.

"We must have a nurse, Anselm—I have already engaged one."

I nodded silently.

"We must arrange a nursery; the room over there is too warm for it."



"H'm!" I REPLIED BETWEEN TWO PUFFS OF MY CIGAR.

I nodded again—the men were already at work. What else could I do? was it not all for our child?

We did not talk much about him, and when we did we always alluded to "It." One seemed to hear this "It" through the whole house at every hour of the day.

"Hush! not so much noise—It is asleep. It must have its dinner now. It must go out. It has hurt itself." Very soon the whole household revolved round It. This nameless being began to worry me.

"It must have a name," I cried at last.

"I quite forgot to ask the mother—I mean the woman—what its name was," answered my wife. She said she would come again, but she has not done so—she must be ill. I call it Max. Max is a nice short name, don't you think?"

"H'm!" I replied between two puffs of my cigar. "Fritz would have been quite nice too."

"We can't change the name now, because of the servants," she answered quickly, and, opening the door called loudly, "Is Max awake yet?"

Oh, certainly, it was *our* child.

On one occasion, however, I asserted myself successfully. While we had lunch It was served with dinner in an adjoining room. We could hear its delighted babble, accompanied by the drumming

of its spoon in the pauses of our unsatisfactory attempts at conversation. My wife could not rest. She was constantly running to-and-fro between us and It. "Was It's soup too hot?" Surely It was getting too much!

"Wife," I said firmly but quietly, "after to-day It dines with us. Two years old is not too soon to begin."

From that day It dined with us. It sat in its high chair like a prince, close to my wife, the two forming a sort of opposition party to me. The pallor which comes from poor feeding had given place to a delicate, high-bred rosiness, and the stiff

fold of its bib made a becoming frame to its rounded cheeks. It attacked its soup valiantly, and when it had finished sat holding the spoon sceptre-wise in its little fat fist. We had been exchanging a few words, and now sat silent. This silence seemed to surprise him. His great eyes opened wider and wider. He looked first at me, then at my wife, with a wondering, almost weirdly intelligent look, as of a grown up person who had a suspicion



HE LOOKED FIRST AT ME, THEN AT MY WIFE.

that ail was not as it should be between us. I confess that those eyes embarrassed me, and that it was a relief when Frederick came in with a fresh dish. I am sure that my wife felt the same.

It happened again the next day. In every pause that occurred in our conversation, those great, wondering blue eyes were turned first upon one and then on the other, with a gaze full of reproachful inquiry. It sounds absurd, but it is true, that we two grown-up people began to be ashamed of ourselves in the child's presence.

Gradually a livelier tone crept into our conversation. The child's babbling words were guessed at, and translated by us; we sometimes even had a good laugh together over his halting attempts at conversation.

Oh, how clear, how fresh her laughter sounded! How was it that I had never noticed it before? How came it that often, bending over my writing-table, I would hear that sweet laughter echoing in my ears?

With the first sunny days of Spring, It began to spend much of its time in the garden, which I could see from my study window. She was generally with it. I could hear the tap of its little feet on the gravel, and then her footstep. She would chase it—its delighted chuckles mingling with the twittering chorus of the sparrows—she caught it, and kiss after kiss rang a-cross to me.

How could I work within, hearing of that music? I opened the window; warm, balmy air streamed in, and a butterfly hovered round my desk. At that moment she appeared from behind a dew sprinkled hedge, clad in a morning-dress, all delicate, fluttering lace, gleaming white in the brilliant sunshine, only her face in the

rosy shadow of her parasol. How slim and tall she was! How graceful her every movement! By heaven! the sisters and cousins and aunts were right—she was really beautiful! A lovely smile lit up her face, she was happy for the moment, at least, and this happiness came to her from "her child."

As I watched her, a voice within me seemed to say audibly, "Then you must unquestionably be a monster after all."

I rose and stood at the open window.

"What a lovely day!" I called out to her. Alas! I felt how cold and conventional it sounded—a dark cloud seemed to pass over the sunny landscape. She answered something which I did not catch, but the happy smile vanished from her face. The child stretched out its little arms to her, she lifted it up and covered it with kisses before my very eyes.

For the first time in my life I felt a pang of jealousy—a strange kind of jealousy, forsooth, which could not definitely point out its object. When it called her "Mamma," I was stung to the heart, and the endearments she lavished on the little creature destroyed my peace of mind. I was jealous of both of them. It wounded me to think that I had no part in these outbursts of affection—that

there was no room for me in their union. I would do my best to win my portion of their love; but I was shy and awkward, the child was ill at ease with me, and she—had she not kept me wilfully at arms' length for years.

One day, at the mid-day meal, we had had some words, and sullen silence reigned between us again—a silence which seemed more painful than any before. Frowning angrily, I stared at the pattern on my plate, but I felt distinctly that It's large eyes were fixed upon me, and hers too. The



HOW COULD I WORK?

burning rays of those four eyes seemed to scorch my brow. Suddenly the stillness was broken.

"Pa—pa," It said, and once more, louder and more assured, "Pa—pa."

I gave a great start. It sat there gazing at me nervously, as if expecting some storm to break after this effort. A burning blush overspread my wife's face, and her parted lips were quivering.

A flood of joy swept over me. She alone could have taught it to say Papa. Ah, why did I not start up and clasp her to my heart, and with one word efface the bitterness of those six desolate years? One word at that supreme moment, and all would have been well. That word remained unspoken, I felt paralysed.

But down in my study, on a certain piece of manuscript covered with figures, there are still distinct traces of the hot tears I shed over my own folly.

There was no disguising the fact, with this little creature, the Spirit of Love had entered my home, only to make me more of a stranger therein than I had been before. A radiance of sunshine filled the house, though the sky might be overcast with clouds, while the faces of the servants and even the very furniture appeared to reflect that cheerful glow. On me alone, it refused to shine.

I felt more and more uneasy in this isolation. My jealousy increased daily and urged me to all kinds of folly. I said I would assert myself against the little tyrant, which would have made me ridiculous. I would force her to choose between it and me—rash man! for which side would her heart lead her to declare? Once I very nearly made up my mind to

search out the poor mother and offer her money to take the child back again. But do this behind my wife's back? No, that would be too cowardly!

Work was impossible. I did not know myself. My mental distress must have shown itself in my face, for people began to ask what ailed me. I said I was not well.

Meanwhile the sunshine would not let itself be dimmed, and the Spirit of Love was stronger than I. With its flaming sword, it drove me out into the wilderness.

"I must go on a journey, Marta," my voice shook as I spoke. It did not escape my wife; something like a soft gleam of compassion shone in her eyes.

At parting she held the little thing up to me.

"Won't you say good-bye to our child?" she said, in gentle, persuasive tones.

I suppose I handled the child roughly; it began to cry and would have none of my caresses. I put it down and hurried away.

I travelled about aimlessly—for ever low-spirited and dissatisfied. Soon, too, a voice arose within me, saying in plain

terms "You are a fool." At first only in whispers, then louder and with a mocking laugh—an utter fool! At length I read it in the newspapers, saw it written on the hills; the engines shrieked it into my ears. Well, well! I believed it—believed it thoroughly. Why did I not return at once? Oh! Folly would have to reach its highest point before things would right themselves.

With a beating heart, I re-entered my house. How quiet it all was, and why these mysterious whispers? My wife came to me, her eyes red with weeping.



"OH, IT IS ILL—VERY ILL," SHE MOANED.

"Oh, It is ill — very ill. I am sure it will die," she moaned.

I tried to reassure her, but her fears were only too well founded. There was a short but hopeless interval, and then —

The last night found us sitting beside its cot—she on this side, I on that—each of us holding a little hand. How it quivered and pulsed! Quick fever throbs, and each beat seemed to warn us — love one another — love one another — love one another. We both felt those throbs and understood the warning. Our eyes met full, and in that look, through blinding tears, we plighted our troth. Words would have broken the sanctity of that hour.

We laid It to rest in the warm Spring earth.

Afterwards, when we were sitting again at our table, silence fell between us once

more, but a very different silence from that which the lost little one had broken with its hesitating "Papa." Its chair stood against the wall, and on the board in front of it lay Its sceptre spoon.

My wife held out her slender white hand to me across the table. "Were you fond of it—just a little bit?" her voice trembled.

"My wife — my sweet — my darling wife!" I was at her feet, clasping her hands wildly. "I love you, oh, my wife, my wife!"

When the first storm of emotion had somewhat subsided, I pointed to the chair.

"It came to teach us how to love," I whispered.

"And when it had finished its lesson it went back among the angels," she added through her tears.



I WAS AT HER FEET, CLASPING HER HANDS WILDLY.



HIDDEN SKETCHES.—FIND THE OTHER MAN AND THE DOG.

CLOSE A SHAVE

By G. A. HENTY.

THREE men were smoking in the verandah of an hotel at Port Elizabeth. Two of them, as could be seen from the cut of their clothes, were late arrivals in the Colonies. The other was as distinctly an old hand.

"Yours must have been an adventurous life indeed, trading with the natives," one of the former said.

"Yes; I have had my share and a little more of adventures, and I have been a score of times in so tight a corner that the chance of getting through seemed nothing, and yet, somehow, when one has been for a time at it, one comes to think that, somehow or other, one is pretty sure

to get out of the scrape. Perhaps the closest shave I ever had was one in which it seemed at one time a toss-up whether I should go down from thirst or be eaten by lions.

"I had been a long journey up in the interior, trading with the natives. I had three waggons with me, and was on my way back, well filled up with skins and feathers. I had been fortunate so far, the natives for once had been quiet and peaceful, and had not been carrying on wars with each other; no trader had been along the line I took for some time, and, as they were really in want of European goods, my coming had been warmly welcomed.

I had met with no disagreeables, except those one always counts upon—losing a few oxen by lions and the usual troubles with one's native followers.

"It had been a very dry season, and the natives had warned me that I should probably find the water pools empty along the route that I was going to take. I had not been very long at the work, and was young and pig-headed. I should have had to take a tremendous detour to go by a route on which I should have been



THREE MEN WERE SMOKING IN THE VERANDAH.

sure of water all the way, and I concluded to chance it; so I filled up my barrels, slung under the waggon, with water, and started. I found water at the first two or three halting-places, but I saw, from the parched-up country, that the natives were right—that I might expect, farther on, to meet with difficulties. Game was very scarce, but there were more lions than usual about, and we had to keep an uncommonly sharp look-out at night.

"A week after I started they attacked us in great force. I expect the scarcity of game made them more furious than usual, for, though we shot four or five of them, they got in among the cattle and killed five of my best bullocks before we could drive them off. This was a serious loss; for I knew we should want all our strength before we got across the desert. However, they gave us a good supply of fresh meat, with which the natives gorged themselves to the fullest—you know what that is—and taking with us as much as there was any chance of keeping good, we went on again. I need not give you all the details of that march. There are few men who have traded among the natives who have not gone through something like it. However, at the end of three weeks, we could go no farther. One waggon had first been abandoned, and then another. The black fellows had kept up pretty well by chewing raw meat cut from the fallen oxen, and I had been driven to do the same.

"At last it was evident that we could go no farther; our last drop of water was gone; the oxen who remained alive were so weak that they could no longer draw the waggons, and we determined to turn them all loose to shift for themselves, and to push forward. My riding horse was in pretty fair condition. I had kept pieces of raw meat fastened round his bit, changing them five or six times a day, and this, and what moisture he could get from the dried-up grass, had kept him going. Some of the natives had died, others were so



"I EXCLAIMED, 'LIONS.'"

weak they could scarcely drag themselves along. All but two decided that they would wait by the waggons, in hopes that I might bring back help to them. Two oxen had fallen there, and, if necessary, they could kill more, so that, in point of food, they were well provided, and the moisture of the flesh would help them along. At any rate, they thought the chances better so than in going forward.

"I had with me two of my best hunters; both men had been with me for some time, and would, I knew, find their way if it were possible to do so. We started as soon as the sun went down, and made a tremendous march to the next water-hole, which we reached about nine o'clock next morning. There was little enough water there, but there was some; enough to give us a big drink, to fill my water bottle, and to let the horse quench his thirst. Then we got down into the bottom of the hole and dug it out to three feet, and had the satisfaction of seeing a little moisture make its way down the sides. We knew there would not be much, only just the draining of the earth close round the water-hole, but one more drink would do wonders for us. As the day went on my boys several times got up from the shade of the bush under which we were lying, and went to examine the hole.

"‘It is coming in very slowly,’ one of them said.

"‘We can have a small drink each, and that will be enough to hold us on till night,’ I said. ‘By morning I hope that there will be enough for the horse.’

"‘Not stay here till morning, bos; we must go before the sun sets.’

"‘What for?’ I asked. The black took me by the hand and led me down to the hole, and then pointed to the ground. I had been too full of the thoughts of water before to think of looking at the ground, but the moment that he pointed to it I exclaimed, ‘lions!’

"‘Lots of them, bos; they come here a long way for water. We must go before the sun sets, or there won’t be a bone left to tell that we have been here.’

"I quite agreed with him, but we waited as long as we dared; took one more cup of water each; then I emptied my water bottle into my hat for the horse to drink, and filled it up afresh from the hole, for the water was a good deal clearer than that we had first found; there was just enough to fill the bottle, and not a drop over. The two drinks had done a great deal for the horse, and it had been able to nibble the dry grass during the day, and its step felt more elastic under me than it had for days past.

"‘How far is it to the next water-hole?’ I asked the men who were trotting along at my side.

"‘Twelve hours’ journey; but not more than six at the pace we are going. Not very good—not so good as the last.’

"As soon as it became dark the two men ran a little ahead of me, keeping, as I could see by the light of the young moon, a close look out on either side.

"‘You are afraid of lions?’ I asked.

"‘We may meet them, bos. They will be going to the hole. Not so much afraid of them, but later, those who go to the hole will smell, and may come after us.’

"‘That is bad. Shall we come upon trees?’

"‘Trees near water-hole — nowhere else. Look, bos, if lions come you ride

like mad; no use stopping; three guns no good against lions, except we get big fire. If they come we take hold of stirrup and run as long as we can, then fight; you ride on, you cannot do black fellow any good. Bos must save his own life, and then get men at next village to go back for waggon.’

"‘I sha’n’t do that,’ I said. ‘We will fight together and die together.’

"‘That very good if one could fight,’ the boy said positively. ‘What use die when can’t do any good?’

"I had no answer ready, but I felt that I could not leave these faithful fellows to die alone. We travelled for four hours, when the men stopped, and one said, ‘There is a lion there, in line with that bush.’

"Straining my eyes, I could make out the dim outline of something grey in front of the bush. I dismounted.

"‘How far is it off? Eighty yards?’

"‘About that, bos.’

"I unslung my double-barrel rifle, took out my precious box of matches, wetted the head of one them on my tongue, and rubbed the phosphorus on the sights.

‘I will fire,’ I said.

‘If he comes at us, wait until he is within ten yards, and then fire both of you.’

"I was a good shot, and had little fear of missing. I



"‘NOW, BOS, WHAT SHALL WE DO?’"

looked along the rifle, doubtful for a time which was his head, and, as soon as I made that out to my satisfaction, aimed just behind its shoulder and fired. The gun carried heavy, spherical balls. I heard it strike, and stood waiting with my finger on the trigger of the other barrel, but the lion was no longer standing there.

"‘You have killed him,’ one of the men said. ‘I saw him fall.’ The sound of the rifle seemed to wake up the bush, for we could hear a deep roaring from several points, but, fortunately, the nearest was some distance off. If the lion was not dead, it was dangerous to pass close to it, but there was no time for hesitation, so, leaping into my saddle, we went on again. There was no sign or movement as we passed the bush, and we kept on our way without further interruption, until one man said we were not far from the water hole.

"‘Now, bos, what shall we do?’ one of the men asked. ‘Stop here and light fire and camp until the morning, or go straight on to hole? There are sure to be lions there.’

"‘How far is it to the next hole?’ I asked.

"‘No more holes. This is the last. Six hours’ more ride we get to river.’

"‘Well, what do you say? Shall we give up this hole altogether and make straight for the river?’

"‘Just as you like, bos. I say we had better go on.’

"We struck off the line we had been following, so as to get well to the leeward side of the hole, as the lions would have smelt us if we had passed to windward.

"Time after time we heard the roars of lions but a short distance away, and I could feel my horse shiver under me at the sound. I was beginning to hope that daylight would soon break, when the men both declared that there were lions close at hand.

"‘They are running with us; but they will slacken soon. You had best ride on.’

"I could see no signs of lions, nor heard the slightest sound, though, as you may imagine, I was keeping a sharp look-out. Still, I knew how

much more acute the senses of the natives were than my own.

"‘I will not ride on until we are attacked,’ I said. ‘The more there are of us together the less likely they are to summon up courage to attack us.’

"I had scarcely spoken when there was a sharp, angry growl close by, answered by a tremendous roar on the other side, and almost at the same moment two great bodies hurled themselves upon us. I had no time to think, for my horse had sprung forward with so wild a bound that it had almost unseated me. In vain I tried to check it. I must have gone a full mile before I could rein it in. I paused and listened: I could hear the sound of growling and snarling in the distance. No gun had been fired; but, as I sprang forward, it seemed to me that I heard a cry mingled with the lions’ roar. I felt that it would be useless to return, for all was long since over with my two boys. After a moment’s pause, therefore, I continued my journey.

"Just as morning was breaking I could tell by the twitching ears of the horse and its increased speed that there was danger behind, and, looking round, I presently caught sight of a troop of six lions following me. The chances seemed to be desperate. Had my animal been fresh and strong I could have ridden away from them, for, except for a short rush, the

speed of a lion is not equal to the speed of a horse, but it had already made a long journey, and was, moreover, in a weakened condition, and I was sure that, sooner or later, they must overtake me. The character of the country was changing, and there were small clumps of trees scattered here and there. There was one half-a-mile ahead, and towards this I rode at full speed. When we reached it the lions were some three or



"IN VAIN I TRIED TO CHECK IT."



"I MADE A GASH IN MY ARM."

four hundred yards away. I chose my tree, checked my horse, and leaped off as I reached it, and climbed up; the horse going off at a gallop.

"When the lions came up they paused and seemed to me to hold a consultation for a moment, then four stopped round the tree; two started off in pursuit of the horse. I had hopes that now he was freed of my weight he would keep ahead of them. As for myself, at the moment I felt no fear, and only wished that the whole of them had remained round the tree. I unslung my rifle. I had re-loaded the empty barrel after firing once. In four shots I then disposed of three of my foes, and the other at once made off. I dare not move until it was broad day, but as soon as the sun rose I slid down the tree, and set off on foot. I was already horribly thirsty, for the night had been very hot, and I had, since starting, been bathed in perspiration. Unfortunately, I had forgotten, in my haste, to snatch my water bottle from the saddle, and I knew that my only hope lay in reaching the river: how far distant it was I could not tell—the boys had said six hours at the pace we were going. I had ridden, I supposed, for three hours, the last part at a gallop, the river, then, might be twenty miles away.

"For a time I walked on sturdily. I had little fear of attack, for the lions would by this time have retired to sleep in the shade of the bushes. How many weary hours I walked I don't know. The sun poured down upon me with terrible force. My tongue swelled, my eyes became dim, and I staggered in

my walk and felt that I could not long continue; and yet, desperate as the position was, I never gave up hope. At last I came to another clump of trees. I threw myself down in their shade, and for hours lay unconscious. The sun was setting when I recovered. Here, in the shade of the trees, the grass was still green, and I chewed a mouthful or two while I thought over what had best be done. If I went on I might be devoured by lions, but that prospect was far less terrible than that of such a walk as I had had that morning. I took out my knife, made a gash in my arm and sucked the blood, then I bandaged it up with my handkerchief and went forward again.

"I have no remembrance of that walk. I have a dim consciousness of hearing the distant roaring of lions, but none, I suppose, came near me. I fell many times, but each time managed to get up. I suppose that I kept my course by the moon, but have no recollection of anything until after passing through some trees, I saw what seemed to be a silver river at my feet. I know that I paused for a moment to drop my rifle and cartridge-belt, and that I then fell head foremost into the river. Fortunately it was shallow at that point. I drank until I was almost bursting; then I lay for a long time and let the stream flow over me, then scrambled up the bank again, and climbed into a tree to wait till morning. I dosed off for some time, when I heard the sound of animals approaching, and, lying out on a branch, with rifle cocked, I waited for them, hoping that they might be deer, and that I might be able to get some food. To my surprise, as the leader passed through a strip of moonlight, I saw that it was a horse, close behind him came two lions. They passed along twenty yards to my right, and I rolled one over. As he struggled on the ground, roaring terribly, his mate stopped abruptly.

"At this distance I could not miss and it fell dead to my first ball. I loaded again and the next shot settled the one I had wounded. I had scarcely time to notice the horse, but it struck me suddenly that it was my own. I gave the loud whistle to which he was accustomed to come. This I repeated several times; and at last, to my delight, I saw him ap-

proaching timidly. I was down the tree by this time, and on my calling to him, he trotted up and rubbed his muzzle against my face. As I had no wish for any further encounter with the lions, I mounted him; rode him at once into the river and started to swim across. It was a perilous business, for most of these rivers swarm with alligators, but, thank God, we got across safely; I lay down and slept while the horse grazed on the green grass by the edge of the river.

As soon as it was light we rode off along the bank and in an hour arrived at the village I was in search of. As this was a place where traders often hired men for the march into the interior, I had

no difficulty in making arrangements. A party of twenty men at once started with water-skins and the next day, twenty more, with a number of draught bullocks, set out. I could not accompany them, for I was prostrate with fever, and by the time I became conscious, the three waggons and most of the men I had left behind were safely in."

"That was a very ugly adventure, Henshall."

"Yes; I think it was the worst I ever went through; but that is not why I have told it, but simply to bring out the point we were talking about the other day: that however bad the situation, it is very seldom that a man altogether gives up hope."



"LYING OUT ON A BRANCH, WITH RIFLE COCKED."

Some People we have Met this Month.



THE MAN WHO TAKES A HANSON FROM ST. JAMES'S TO THE BURLINGTON.



THE GIRL AT THE BRIGHTON BOARDING SCHOOL.



THE MAN WHO WILL FEEL YOUR PULSE FOR TWO GUINEAS.

Rambles Through England.

Abbotsford, the Home of Sir Walter Scott.

BEFORE entering upon a detailed description of Abbotsford, it will interest our readers to know a few particulars of the early career of Sir Walter Scott, to whose talents and industry this picturesque pile owes its existence, and whose admirable writings, it is generally allowed, have given more pleasure to every rank of society than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakespeare.

The subject of this brief sketch was born at Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771, and was the fourth child of Walter Scott, Esq., Writer to the Signet, and of Ann Rutherford, the daughter of one of the medical professors of Edinburgh University. From 1779 to 1783 he was educated at the High School in that city, and also received the assistance of a resident tutor at home. Though an enormous reader, he does not appear to have shown any marked signs of brilliant scholarship, and was chiefly remarkable for his aptitude in whiling away the idle hours for his companions, by graphic stories, many of them founded on folk lore, while others were the spontaneous productions of his own fertile brain. He was also a student

at Edinburgh University, and as he was destined for the legal profession, remained for five years in his father's office, and was finally called to the Bar.

In the summer of 1797, while visiting Gilsland, a small watering-place in Cumberland, he met his future wife, Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, a lady of French extraction, who was under the guardianship of the Marquis of Downshire. They were married the same year at Carlisle, and the union proved an exceedingly happy one. His wife had private means; he inherited a small patrimony from his parents, had a fair practice in the Scottish Courts, and was

appointed Sheriff Deputy of Selkirkshire; so that his joint income compared favourably with that of many other literary men of his day, whose genius was clouded by pecuniary anxieties. Later he was fortunate enough to obtain one of the principal clerkships in the Scottish Court of Session, yielding, in the first instance, £800 per annum. This was eventually increased to £1,300.

The early married life of Sir Walter Scott was spent at No. 39, North Castle Street, where a contemporary writing of him, says:—"How or when he com-



SIR WALTER SCOTT.



ABBOTSFORD FROM THE RIVER.

posed his voluminous works no man can tell. When in Edinburgh, he was bound to the Parliament House all the forenoon. He never was denied to any lady or gentleman, poor or rich, or seemed discomposed when intruded upon, but always good-humoured and kind. Many a time have I been sorry for him, for I have remained in his study, in the hope of getting a quiet word with him, and witnessed the admission of ten intruders besides myself."

His biographer, Lockhart, describes the study as having a Venetian window, opening on to a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place as sombrous. After twenty-eight

years' residence, from 1798 to 1826, Sir Walter wrote in his diary, March 15, 1826:—"This morning I leave No. 39, Castle Street, Edinburgh, for the last time. The cabin was convenient, and habit had made it agreeable to me. So farewell, poor 39! What a portion of my



THE ENTRANCE HALL.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

life has been spent there! It has sheltered me from the prime of life to its decline."

To-day the only indication the passer-by has that he is gazing at Scott's old home is a small bust of the poet, placed over the front door, and which can be seen from outside through the fanlight.

The building of Abbotsford was a great source of pleasure to its owner; and it contains some of the actual remains of the Scottish edifices he most venerated. The hall is panelled with richly-carved oak from the palace of Dunfermline, and has a roof formed from pointed arches of the same material. The cornice consists of emblazoned coats-of-arms of the leading Border families, such as the Douglasses, Scotts, Maxwells, Armstrongs, etc. The black and white marble for the floor was brought from the Hebrides. The walls are almost covered with ancient armour and military implements. Other interesting relics which command attention are the clothes worn by Sir Walter Scott just before his death (a broad-skirted green cloth coat, with large buttons, plaid trousers, heavy shoes and a broad-

brimmed hat); the pulpit from which Ralph Erskine preached at Dunfermline and the iron used to fasten Wishart to the stake.

The dining-room contains a collection of family portraits and other paintings; and, in this apartment, Sir Walter expired on September 21st, 1832. The drawing-room has fittings of cedar wood, antique ebony furniture and some cabinets of beautiful workmanship. One is attracted by the life-like portrait of Sir Walter,

painted by Sir Henry Raeburn. A decided contrast to the poet are portraits of Cromwell and Hogarth, the latter painted by himself. Some water-colour drawings by Turner, designed for the illustrated edition of Scott's "Provincial Antiquities," also adorn the walls.

The library has rich carvings of oak, many of them close copies of those in Roslin Chapel, and one is surrounded by twenty thousand books, among which are many rare and valuable editions. Over the fireplace is the portrait of Sir Walter's son, Colonel Scott, by Sir William Allan, and this room contains miniatures of the author and his wife, and a fine bust of the former executed by Chantry. Communicating with the library is the study, with more books of reference, and Sir Walter's



THE LIBRARY.

writing-table and arm-chair, covered with black leather. A little gallery gives access to a private staircase leading to his bedroom.

Abbotsford was so called because its owner liked to associate this spot with the Melrose Abbots, who used to ford the Tweed near here many years before. It is situated on the south bank of the river, and the building resembles a parallelogram of irregular outline, in the Scottish Baronial style of architecture. In the external walls of the house and garden, may be seen many famous stones which have been removed from elsewhere. The door of the old Edinburgh Tolbooth has also been utilised.

The house, originally a small villa, was added to from time to time; and when completed, in 1824, Sir Walter only enjoyed it for twelve months before he was plunged from affluence into debt through the failure of a firm in which he was interested, and for which he was liable to the amount of £150,000.

"In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men,"

and the character of Sir Walter Scott may be judged by a remark made immediately after this crushing blow: "God granting me time and health, I will owe no man a penny." Breaking up his establishment at Abbotsford, he removed to a modest

lodging in Edinburgh, accompanied by his dying wife. Historical books, notably a "History of Napoleon," novels and poetry literally flowed from his pen; new editions of his works were published, and in a couple of years £40,000 was realised for his creditors, who presented him with his library and museum, as a just recognition of his industry and integrity. After his death, in 1832, a committee of friends and admirers raised a further sum of £8,000, which was devoted to lessening the amount still owing. All liabilities were entirely cleared off in 1847 by Mr. Cadell, the publisher, who accepted all claims of the family to Sir Walter's writings, and undertook in return, to obliterate the debt that remained. By this act, the fruit of Sir Walter's brain redeemed his home, and also resulted in a handsome residue to the enterprising publisher.

It was in 1830 that he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never rallied. Sir Walter Scott was taken to Italy to prolong, if possible, so valuable a life. But feeling that his end was near, and pining for home, he returned to Abbotsford, where he passed away within sound of the murmuring Tweed, in September, 1832; and was buried with his wife in the old Abbey of Dryburgh.

Abbotsford is now in the possession of Sir Walter Scott's granddaughter, Mrs. Hope.



THE STUDY.

The Memoirs of Dr. Francis Wiseman.

Compiled from Private Papers by his friend, the Rev. David Spencer: to which are added certain Critical Observations and Elucidations by Professor Otto Schultz, the distinguished Oriental Scholar. The whole now published for the first time, and forming an astounding Present-day Narrative of the Invisible and Supernatural.

By PAUL SETON,

Author of "Revelations of a London Pawnbroker," "Confessions of a Royal Academician," &c. &c.

PREFATORY.

IT is with considerable diffidence and reluctance that I, David Spencer, Clerk in Holy Orders, Rector of Springfield, Bucks, and formerly for many years Vicar of St. Justine, Kensington, commence the stupendous task which has been imposed upon me by the will of my late friend, Dr. Francis Wiseman. I say late for the lack of a more fitting term. As a matter of fact, Dr. Wiseman has disappeared—vanished, so far as can be ascertained, utterly and entirely from human ken, leaving nothing behind him save his name, his reputation as one of the first specialists of the day, and a vast mass of papers, accompanied by the following remarkable letter to myself:—

98, Brook Street,
Grosvenor Square.

25th February, 1893.

MY DEAR SPENCER,—As I have always anticipated, a crisis of a remarkable and decisive character has now occurred in my affairs. For many years past, as you are well aware, I have devoted every moment of my spare time, and all the poor intellect with which I was endowed, to the investigation of the mysterious relations existing between this and the unseen world. Circumstances have now arisen which render my further continuance here out of the question. I am about to take a plunge into the Great Unknown, fraught with the most awful possibilities. I am reluctant, however, that my researches into the supernatural, extending over so

long a period, should be entirely lost to mankind, and I have, therefore, decided to give them to the world through the medium of my oldest and most trusted friend, whom I need hardly say is none other than yourself. You will, not improbably, view this legacy with anything but favour, but I am so fully persuaded of your loyalty and conscientiousness that I have ventured to bequeath to you, notwithstanding any natural scruples which you may possess, the fulfilment of this great and important task. I adjure you, my dear friend, to consider it as a sacred charge delivered to you from the dead. That you will not disappoint the expectations I have formed of you I am confident, and it is in this full conviction that I now pen this, the last epistle which I, in all probability, will ever write in this world. I enclose full instructions as to the arrangement and disposal of the papers in connection with this undertaking, the editing of which I leave entirely to your calm and discriminating judgment. That you will allow as little time as possible to intervene between the reception of this letter and the commencement of your labours is the last wish of your sincere and attached friend,

FRANCIS WISEMAN.

It is needless for me to say that the receipt of this communication caused me the greatest anxiety and perturbation of spirit. The duty thus imperatively imposed upon me was in no wise to my liking, and it required all the remem-

brance of my close and unbroken intimacy with my late friend—an intimacy extending well into half a century—to induce me to even contemplate the commencement of what was to me the most unwelcome and undesirable of tasks. It was fully a month ere I was sufficiently master of myself to face the execution of this command from the grave. Then, nerving myself by a supreme effort, and with an internal prayer for Divine guidance, I took the initial step in this grave and momentous undertaking. My first proceeding was to call upon Messrs. Lewin and Lewin, the well-known solicitors, and obtain from them the keys of 98, Brook Street. I sent in my card, and was received by the head of the firm, to whom I stated the object of my visit. The keys were handed to me without demur, although Mr. James Lewin endeavoured, by an employment of that persuasive style of cross-examination which has so often stood him in good stead, and caused his name to become almost a household word in this country, to draw from me some idea of my intentions. I maintained, however, a resolute and discreet silence, merely intimating that I was acting in accordance with the instructions of the late Dr. Wiseman, who wished me to take charge of his private and scientific papers in order that they should not fall into improper hands. Upon leaving Messrs. Lewin's I took a cab to Brook Street, and, with a strange and irresistible sensation that I was about to cross the line which separates the living from the dead, I fitted the key to the front door and entered the deserted mansion.

It was the beginning of April, and though yet comparatively early in the afternoon, the cold grey light of the young spring day was rapidly failing. That which remained cast dim, weird shadows athwart my path as I proceeded up the gloomy staircase to the study of my departed friend. Everything remained as he had left it, save for a thick coating of dust. I unlocked the heavy antique ebony bureau, in which he kept his most important papers, and, as I did so, I was startled by what seemed to me to be a faint and long-drawn sigh. I looked round quickly, but I was quite alone, and, with a heart-felt wish that I was well out of this unhappy business, I hastily placed in the bag which I had brought with me a large bundle of manu-

script marked with the letter "A," and underneath, "To be opened first." I then carefully relocked the bureau, when for the second time my ears seemed to catch the same faint echo of a low and subdued sigh. As my hand closed upon the door I heard what was undoubtedly a burst of mocking laughter, but whether it proceeded from the place I had just left, as the sound appeared to indicate, or whether, as I devoutly trusted, it had its origin outside the house, I did not wait to determine. The whole thing was so unusual and unpleasant that I felt no small amount of gratification when I found myself once more safely within the comfortable rectory at Springfield.

Some parochial matters, absolutely uninteresting to any but the parties immediately concerned, to whom, however, they appeared of such vast importance that they would willingly, like Joshua, have commanded the sun and moon to stand still while they were being attended to, occupied my attention until close upon midnight. The clock, indeed, indicated that it wanted but ten minutes to the hour indissolubly connected in the popular mind with the time "when churchyards yawn" and graves give up their dead. I was exceedingly weary, and would most willingly have



CAUSED ME THE GREATEST ANXIETY.

retired for the night, to seek the repose I needed after the fatigues of an unusually busy and eventful day. But a nameless, irresistible, overwhelming feeling took entire possession of me that, before I might be allowed to take the rest I so much desired, I should first proceed to examine the packet which I had brought that day from Brook Street. This feeling, curious beyond expression, it is no exaggeration to describe as being one almost tangible in its intensity. I could tell to the very minute when it first came upon me in all its subtle potency, permeating every fibre of my being, and I could also tell to the very moment when it lifted from me like a cloud, as, casting aside all thoughts of sleep, I determined to consecrate the midnight hours to the reading of the manuscript which lay before me. I re-trimmed the lamp and replenished the fire, and then, seating myself resolutely at the table, I untied the string which bound the papers together, and, with a beating heart, commenced their perusal.

THE MEMOIRS.

I. THE DEATH OF THE JEW.

THE following notes of my strangely eventful experiences have been jotted down at sundry times and in divers manners. If, therefore, they should be found somewhat crude in expression and rough in finish, it must be my excuse that they have in every case been set down without premeditation, and, so far as practicable, immediately after the occurrences they poorly but faithfully endeavour to narrate.



I WAS STARTLED.

If these papers should one day be given to the world, it is my earnest hope they may receive, at the hands of a sympathetic and scholarly friend, that careful and judicious editing which they unquestionably require. As I have said, they are simply rough transcripts of some of the more momentous events in a life singularly composed of strangely weird and astounding incidents. So far as I am concerned they remain as originally written. To them I have added nothing, neither have I in any way diminished. I leave them as they are—a plain and unvarnished statement of absolute fact.

It is, perhaps, as well that I should at the outset make a few explanatory observations, after which the reader will

be able to trace, line by line and page by page, my extraordinary story, and form his own conclusions thereon. I was born on the 14th of January, 1844, in the small but prosperous town of Moreton, in Worcestershire. My father, an excellent and much respected man, was the local doctor, and my mother, one of the Percys of Northumberland, was a lady well known throughout the entire district for her gentle and abiding zeal in good works. I received my early education in the neighbouring city of Worcester, and afterwards, evincing a decided partiality for my father's calling, I was sent to London, where I went through the usual curriculum enjoined upon those desirous of adopting the healing art as their profession. As soon as I had passed the necessary examination, I set up in practice for myself in Gower Street, taking as my specialty the more obscure

and complicated forms of diseases of the brain and nervous system. Though comparatively young, I achieved an immediate and unusual amount of success, to which my original treatment and cure of the son and heir of one of the principal ducal houses doubtless contributed in no small measure. In 1881 I removed to Brook Street, where I have practised ever since, having had under my charge in recent years as large, if not a larger, number of royal and noble patients as any specialist in the Metropolis.

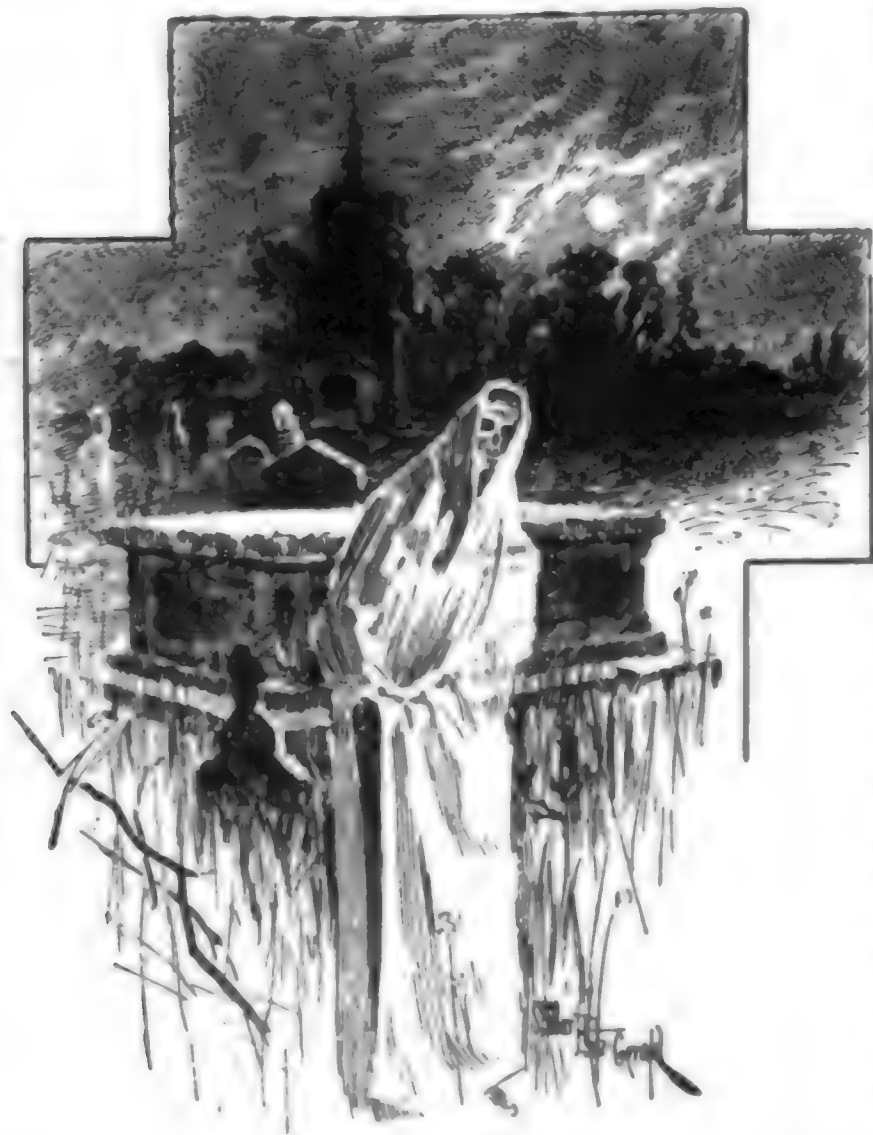
My interest in the deeper and more solemn problems of nature first became partially aroused during my hospital career. Face to face, then, with death in all its forms, I was a constant and interested spectator of the passage of souls into the Great Unknown. Many of the death-bed scenes which I thus witnessed were distinguished by no special feature; but there were others, and notably one, which impressed me greatly.

In this matter I stood somewhat alone among my fellow students. It is a strange though not incomprehensible fact that the majority of those who are brought into daily, and even hourly, contact with the King of Terrors, somehow, insensibly though surely, accustom themselves to

view his advent with indifference. But for myself, I was never one of these. Familiarity with me in this case did not breed contempt, and I could never, even in the humblest instance, gaze upon that great and mysterious final scene, in which the silver cord is loosened and the golden bowl broken, without being profoundly impressed with the mighty power of the last enemy of mankind. There was one, however, in the thoughtless throng—and so far as I am aware, only one—who viewed these matters very much in the same light as myself, and it was at a death-bed, to which I shall almost immediately refer, that Walter Graham and I silently clasped hands in a friendship that was destined never to be broken in this world.

We had in the hospital an old man, whose features clearly proclaimed an Israelitish origin, but of whose history and antecedents the hospital authorities knew little and cared less. To us he was simply Number 23; and Number 23, though sometimes voted a nuisance, was generally considered an interesting case. What the man really suffered from no one, not even the genial and accomplished Sir James Anstruther, our head physician, could say with any exactitude. For over six months he had lain there, more or less in a state of coma, and in those brief intervals of consciousness which came upon him now and again, he maintained a reticence which was as unusual as it was consistent. In some trifling way I had rendered him one or two services, for which he had thanked me in a few well-chosen words, and henceforth he always evinced an unmistakable partiality towards me, which was as flattering as it was unexpected. In the moments when the hand of oblivion loosed its deadly clutch upon his brain, I would sometimes sit by his side, and we would talk about the countries and scenes with which he had been familiar in the past. In the course of these conversations we would speak of many things, but most of all did we revert to the topic which ever seemed strangely uppermost in the old man's mind—that of the power of mortals to communicate with the Unseen World.

"My son," he said to me one day, in an unusual burst of enthusiasm, "take heed that the materialists and scoffers of these latter days poison not your soul with their cold and deadly unbelief; and



"WHEN CHURCHYARDS YAWN."

beware especially of those who say there is no life beyond the grave—that man lives and dies, and is no more. Ah!” he continued, his eyes sparkling with excitement, “had fate ordained it otherwise, the knowledge which I possess, and which must now go down with me to the tomb, would have enabled me to give to mankind a new revelation, which should have shaken to its foundations the world in which we live. And I would have used that knowledge in the interests of truth and justice, and in my hands it should have proved a blessing to those who groan and travail here—a knowledge mighty enough to alter the destinies of countless thousands.”

“My friend,” I said soothingly, fearful that this outburst might prove injurious, “you are excited this afternoon. Let us adjourn this discussion for the present, and resume it at some more convenient season.”

The strange fire in his eye died out at my purposely unsympathetic speech, and his head fell back wearily upon the pillow once more. “Ah!” he murmured bitterly to himself, “it was ever so; and I, who came so near to possessing the keys of Heaven and Hell, will die and be buried, friendless and despised, a stranger in a strange land.”

I do not know what induced me to do so, for it was entirely in contradistinction to my usual habits of caution and reserve, but I repeated this conversation the following day to Walter Graham. He listened attentively, and even eagerly, and when I had finished remained for some moments buried in a moody kind of abstraction.

“Wiseman,” he said at length, looking remarkably serious, “do you know, I think you did wrong in cutting the poor fellow short as you did. Maybe he has something on his mind which he would like to confide to someone ere it is too late, and death has sealed his lips for ever.”

“Do you think so?” I exclaimed somewhat uneasily, for, in truth, the same idea had already occurred to me, to my very great vexation.

“I think it is quite likely,” he replied gravely; “and if I might ask such a favour, I should very much like to be present at your next conversation; though,” he added, with a discouraging shake of his head, “I much doubt if he will be induced to speak on the same subject again.”

To Graham’s wish I instantly acceded, for he was a steady, serious fellow, who viewed life from an entirely different standpoint to that of the noisy, thoughtless crew by which we were surrounded. Up to this period Graham and I had been merely ordinary acquaintances, exchanging but the usual commonplaces when we happened to meet. From this time forth, however, we regarded each other with different feelings. There was an invisible bond between us, the nature of which we neither understood, but which was destined in the future to draw us closer and closer together until, from casual associates, we became firm friends.

Graham’s supposition was correct. Neither upon the next occasion, nor the next, nor many succeeding ones would Number 23 open his mouth again upon the topic on which he had before loved to converse. He was seldom insensible now, but to experienced eyes it was obvious that he was rapidly passing away. The golden glories of summer had gone, the rich tints of autumn were slowly fading, and one felt occasionally the icy breath of approaching winter. It was towards the close of one of the last days of October—a cold, dank, dismal afternoon, the depressing influence of which lights, warmth and cheerful surroundings seemed unable to entirely dissipate. Graham and I were lingering in the theatre, discussing the details of an operation which had been performed there a few hours previously, when we were interrupted by one of the nurses.

“Mr. Wiseman,” she said hurriedly, “I think Number 23 is not far off the end. He has expressed a very decided wish to see you, and if you desire to catch him before he goes you must please come at once.”

I looked at Graham enquiringly. He nodded in assent, and together we hastened to the bedside of the dying man. His emaciated form, worn by the strange and nameless disease which had so completely baffled the combined medical science of the hospital, was propped up with pillows, and the laboured breath and nervous, twitching hands unmistakably proclaimed that the soul of Number 23 was at last preparing to quit its earthly tabernacle. But there was the same strange light in the eyes which I had remarked upon the occasion of my last singular conversation with him, only

now a thousand times intensified in its brilliancy. A satisfied smile stole over his thin, drawn face as he perceived me. I immediately took my stand at the head of the bed, and, bending over him, I whisperingly enquired if I could do anything for him. He shook his head, and raising one of his attenuated arms, he drew my face down until his lips almost touched my ear, and said feebly:

"My son, I am going—going at last.

It was not for me to solve the deep mystery on which I had set my heart. Upon my hands there is the stain of blood, and it is written in our books that the final consummation of the Great Problem shall for ever be denied to those who have the guilt of a fellow creature's blood upon their soul. I could have told you more had time allowed and permission been accorded to me; as it is, however, I must pass away with the seal of silence upon my lips. But I may tell you that I, by more than earthly in-

tuition, am convinced that you will play no unimportant part in the solution of some of the lesser—and it may be, even the greater; this much, however, is hidden from me—problems which have perplexed and baffled the endeavours of all the wise men from the Creation to the present time. Take this casket," he continued with increasing feebleness, "and keep it in remembrance of me when I am gone. It contains a stone, the valuable properties of which I will explain to you directly. But first of all, let me warn

you against placing unlimited confidence in any being with whom you may have to deal in the future; and especially beware of those who, under the guise of friendship, shall offer to assist you in those researches into the great mysteries of nature to which I can foretell you will devote the best energies of your life. The mighty spirits of the Universe resent with awful wrath the attempts of man to pierce the veil which shrouds him from

the Invisible. Above all, let me caution you —"

But what that caution was never reached my ears. Even as he spoke his gaze suddenly wandered to the foot of the bed. With an exercise of almost superhuman strength, for one so weak he threw me off, and, with distended eyeballs and pointing finger, whispered hoarsely: "Look! look!"

Instinctively we followed the direction of his trembling hand, only to see — nothing! No, there was nothing there save the white-washed wall,

frowning chillingly upon us from the opposite side. But when we turned our heads once more, the soul of Number 23 had fled.

II. THE STRANGE CASE OF LADY BLANCHE NEVILLE.

For the first few years after I had started in practice on my own account, I was too busily occupied with the details of my profession to pay any very special attention to outside matters. Nevertheless, in



"MR. WISEMAN," SHE SAID, HURRIEDLY.

my spare moments I by no means neglected the pursuit of literature, and more especially that portion of it which appertained to the past history of the Black Art. This subject, indeed, had always possessed a distinct and peculiar attraction for me since the death of my unknown Israelitish friend in the hospital. But all my reading was of a purely desultory and fitful character, and more with the object of amusing myself than anything else. In the course of time, however, I managed to run through a large quantity of occult writings, extending from remote antiquity to the present day. In this way I became acquainted with the lives of most of the eminent professors of occultism in the past and present, stretching from Jannes and Jambres to Cornelius Agrippa, and right down to Madame Blavatsky. In this course of reading I was for a considerable period encouraged and assisted by Waiter Graham, but upon his being appointed to a professorship of chemistry in a Northern town, my interest in these things somewhat waned, although I by no means abandoned this particular line of study. But it was suddenly revived by an occurrence which was fated to have a deep and abiding influence on my life. I say it advisedly—had it not been for this circumstance, it is quite possible that I should have had no lot or part in the extraordinary events which have caused the latter part of my existence to stand out with such vivid and startling distinctness, and it is more than probable that I should never have thought it either necessary or advisable to give this narrative to the world.

It was a stormy evening in March—the third of March, in the year of grace, 1881. I have the date accurately enough, for I am naturally a most methodical man, and in the telling of such an unusual tale as this, it is well that the utmost preciseness should be observed. I had just moved into my new house in Brook Street, and was busily engaged in arranging the books on the shelves of my study. The wind howled and sighed through the deserted street, and rattled and strained against the quivering windows until they creaked and moaned again in their sashes. In the height of the tumult there came to me Martin, my confidential servant and major-domo, who had been with me since I first started in practice as a physician, with the announcement that there was a gentleman below who wished to see me on an important matter. A doctor has no right to be annoyed at any interruption, and though I would have much preferred to have been left to the undisturbed completion of my task, I intimated that I would see him in a few moments. As soon as I had finished with the particular shelf on which I was at work I proceeded downstairs to the waiting-room, and found myself in the presence of a tall, dark, distinguished-looking man of about fifty, whose handsome face bore obvious traces of extreme nervousness and agitation. He stepped forward as I entered, and, refusing my invitation to be seated, said hurriedly,

“Dr. Wiseman, your name has been mentioned to me as that of the first specialist in London in obscure affections of the brain and nervous system.”

I inclined my head slightly at this compliment, and he immediately continued.

“That must be my excuse for intruding on you at this late hour of the evening. But the matter on which I have come is one of life or death. In a case of this sort one may be permitted to dispense with the usual formalities of introduction. I am the Earl of Faversham, and my family doctor, Sir James Anstruther—who is himself, I regret to say, seriously ill—has recommended me to call and see you with reference to my daughter, who is, I fear, in a highly dangerous condition.”



“LOOK! LOOK!”

I was about to put some enquiries as to the nature of the malady, when the Earl stopped me by saying that the matter was so urgent and critical that he would prefer to explain to me afterwards: that his carriage was at the door, and he would take it as a great favour if I would accompany him to his house without delay. It was impossible to raise any objection to this, and I therefore signified my acquiescence. Half an hour later my eyes rested for the first time upon the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

Although wrapped, to all appearance, in the last great sleep of death, nothing could detract from the perfect loveliness of the form reposing placidly upon the bed before me. Every vestige of colour had fled from the delicately-chiselled face, leaving it like that of an exquisite marble statue. But I felt, as I gazed in wondering admiration, that never yet lived the sculptor with power to fashion such faultless work as this. I raised the slender wrist gently, but there was no answering throb. I laid my hand softly on the pure white brow, from which the glorious hair rippled down on either side in a golden stream, but it was icy cold. I held the

mirror over the sweetly-curved lips, but it remained undimmed by any fluttering breath. If life still lingered in that lovely body, the signs refused to reveal themselves to my practised eye. For aught that science could tell me, I was looking upon the dead.

Up to this period scarce half-a-dozen words had passed between the Earl and myself, save those which I have already set down. I turned to him enquiringly; and, motioning me to follow him, he led the way to an adjacent room, and closing the door said, in a voice of anguish:

"Dr. Wiseman, tell me at once—and as you hope for Heaven, answer me truly—is she alive, or is she dead?"

I paused before replying. It was a momentous question; and although every sign would have led me, from a medical standpoint, to declare that I had just been gazing upon a corpse, there was something so peculiar in the Earl's manner that I hesitated to return a decided answer. I darted another glance at the grief-stricken father, and said slowly:

"It is sometimes difficult to pronounce with absolute certainty at a first examination, especially when one knows nothing



UNDIMMED BY ANY FLUTTERING BREATH.

of the previous history of the case. How long, may I ask, has she been in this condition?"

The Earl gave a great gasp, and his already pale face took on a further tinge of whiteness as he replied, almost inaudibly:

"Three weeks at twelve o'clock to-night."

My heart almost stood still at these words.

"What!" I exclaimed, startled for the moment out of all professional propriety. "Do you really mean to tell me that your daughter has been lying in this state for the space of three weeks?"

"Hush!" said the Earl, looking fearfully around; "pray do not speak so loudly. There is a tale to tell in this connection, the very recollection of which fills me with sickening apprehension."

To my astonishment, the Earl deliberately walked to the door and locked it. Then, returning to where I was standing, he motioned me to be seated; and drawing forward another chair, he sat for some time with his head sunk on his chest, staring abstractedly into the fire. At length he looked up and said, thoughtfully:

"Dr. Wiseman, do you believe in devils?"

This extraordinary question, so entirely unexpected, had the effect of still further disturbing my composure. I answered tentatively that I believed in the existence of devils up to a certain point, but that before replying more definitely I would like to understand his meaning better.

"Then listen," said the Earl, drawing his chair closer to mine, "for I shall have to tell you a strange and well-nigh incredible story."

This was scarcely a cheerful commencement, but I fixed my eyes upon the Earl, and prepared to listen with all due attention. For a few moments he remained buried in profound thought; then, raising his head, he gazed sadly into my face, and began in a low, soft voice:

"I wish you to understand, Dr. Wiseman, that nothing but the critical state of my daughter would have induced me to open my mouth upon a subject which I shall always regard with the deepest aversion. I am determined, however, be the consequences what they may, to maintain this enforced silence no longer. This horrible torture has grown unbearable,



"DO YOU REALLY MEAN TO TELL ME."

and, when you hear what I have to say, I think you will agree with me that I am justified in the course I am now taking. In the autumn of 1880 I was travelling on the Continent, accompanied by my daughter, and, unfortunately for us both, we determined to break the return journey by spending a few days in Paris. We put up at the Hotel Bristol, where, according to our custom, both my daughter and myself mixed and conversed freely with the other visitors. Among them was a person who was entered in the hotel register as the Prince di Ricordo, with whom we speedily became on friendly terms. He was a man apparently about forty years of age, of singularly elegant figure, and with a bold, clear-cut, seductive face that might have belonged to an old Greek god. His bearing was courteous, his manner perfect, and his wealth, to all appearance, unlimited, but all these faded into insignificance beside the rare and subtle charm of his conversation. It was impossible to mention any subject of which he did not possess a knowledge as wonderful as it was accurate. He seemed to have travelled in every country, to have seen every sight, and to have conversed with every sort of people under the sun. Such was the fascination of his low, rich musical voice, as he would sit talking to us after dinner, that we would sometimes postpone our usual hour of retirement until long past midnight. My daughter



"PAPA! I THINK WE WILL LEAVE HERE TO-MORROW."

became greatly interested on these occasions, yet, strangely enough, she more than once said to me after we had separated from the Prince, and ere we parted for the night:

"Papa! I think we will leave here to-morrow, for somehow I feel at times that if we remain some great misfortune will surely overtake us."

"But in the morning all these gloomy forebodings would have vanished, and she would laugh merrily over the breakfast

table at her fears of the night before. One evening the conversation turned upon the subject of mesmerism. There was nothing unnatural in this, seeing that we had that afternoon attended the performance of a

mesmeric conjurer, whose strange and laughable feats had amused my daughter exceedingly. The Prince, of course, was as well acquainted with this topic as he was with everything else, and he undertook, with more than usual seriousness, to convince us that

mesmerism was not the vulgar imposture I boldly asserted it to be. He asked my daughter if she would object to a little experiment, and, upon her consenting, he rose, and standing in front of her chair, made a few rapid passes with his hands, with the result that in an incredibly short space of time she was seemingly fast asleep.

"Now, my lord," he said, turning to me with a smile on his face—and for the first time I noticed that his smile was neither pleasant nor good—"we will continue this experiment a little further, if you please. Will you be good enough to permit me to place this handkerchief over your eyes?"

"Whether it was the smile which influenced me, or the desire of witnessing the proceedings of the Prince, or a premonition of some coming evil, I know not, but I firmly declined to accede to his request. He smiled again—the same curious, mocking smile—and spread out his hands with a deprecating gesture. I was about to say that I would have no more of this sort of thing—that I did not care for these illustrations personally applied—when there gradually stole over me a sensation as though I were falling—falling through bottomless space—and in another moment I became utterly unconscious.

"When I recovered my senses it wanted but five minutes to midnight, and I found, to my astonishment, that I had remained in a state of oblivion for nearly two hours. I rubbed my eyes bewilderedly and looked around. There, in the chair where I had last seen her, sat my daughter, fully awake, but with a face devoid of the slightest vestige of colour, and a look of undefinable horror in her eyes. Leaning against the mantel-shelf stood the Prince di Ricordo, a trifle paler than usual, regarding me with a steady, unflinching gaze. I started to my feet in a fit of the utmost anger.

"What am I to understand by all this, Prince?' I exclaimed in a voice trembling with suppressed rage. 'What is the meaning of your unwarrantable behaviour? How dare you hypnotise me thus without my consent? And, tell me, what have you done to my daughter, that she sits there pale and exhausted, with that horrible look in her eyes?'

"A sardonic smile crept over the Prince's handsome face, and I wondered to myself that I had never before noticed how cruel and sinister was its expression. He lighted a cigarette—a liberty he had never previously ventured to take in my presence without first asking permission—and replied suavely:

"Your lordship is surprised, and being surprised is pleased to be severe. Yet I can assure you there is no reason for this displeasure. Your lordship has but slumbered for a short while, and the Lady Blanche has had during that time a little dream—that is all. Surely there is nothing in all this at which to be so much annoyed.' And he laughed softly—a wicked little mocking laugh.

"I crossed over to where my daughter was sitting, and took her hand in mine. It was cold as the grave.

"Blanche!' I cried in alarm, 'are you not well? Come, dear, rouse yourself; it is past twelve, and time that we retired. Never again,' I continued, darting an angry glance at the Prince, who still stood leaning against the mantelpiece, with the same wicked smile playing over his features, 'never again will I permit you to be the victim of such an unjustifiable and audacious experiment.'

"My daughter rose slowly and painfully from her seat.

"Papa!' she said in a strangely altered voice, and with the same far-away look of horror in her eyes, 'I have this night seen a dreadful sight. I feel as though I had lived for years and travelled thousands of miles. Ah—h!' she shivered, 'I am cold and ill. Take me hence, that I may go to rest—if rest, indeed, be possible for me.'

"All this, as I have said, took place last autumn. The day following, the Prince di Ricordo took his departure from the hotel, and I neither heard nor saw anything of him until a month ago. My daughter had received a shock to her nervous system from which she never entirely recovered, and, although I

questioned her repeatedly and anxiously as to the nature of what really happened while I was unconscious that fatal night, I could never induce her to speak freely to me about it. There seemed, indeed, to be some nameless fear hanging over her, which any reference to this subject would intensify to a painful extent. After a while, I refrained from mentioning it, and I was hoping that the results would in time exhaust themselves, and that my daughter would, eventually, regain her wonted health and spirits. In this, however, I was destined to be cruelly undeceived. Last month, to my astonishment and indignation, the Prince di Ricordo had the unparalleled audacity to call upon me and demand my daughter's hand in marriage. I told him pretty plainly what I thought of his conduct, and intimated, in unmistakable terms, my desire that he would never again presume to intrude his presence upon me.

"Greatly to my surprise, the Prince expressed his perfect readiness to acquiesce in this, protesting at the same time that nothing had been farther from his thoughts than the causing of my daughter or myself any pain by his mesmeric experiments in Paris. There was such a ring of sincerity in his voice, and he appeared so obviously sorry for what he had done, that I somewhat relaxed the sternness of my demeanour towards him, and even caught myself more than once mentally asking whether I had not been too severe in the judgment I had passed upon him. This temporary weakness on my part led me to accord a more gracious reception to what he was pleased to style the last favour he would ever ask of me—which was nothing else than that he should himself make the offer of his hand to Lady Blanche, and receive his answer from her own lips. Should it be adverse, he promised faithfully to depart at once, and trouble me and mine no more. This seemed so reasonable that, being well acquainted with the state of my daughter's feelings on the subject, I consented, and it was agreed between us that he should call the following Monday to obtain, as I fully thought, his final dismissal.

"So confident was I of at last ridding myself altogether of this person, who had caused me such deep anxiety in the past, and so certain was I also that my daughter would at once decline his proffered

alliance, that I mentioned nothing of the circumstance to her until the very morning fixed for his visit. To tell the truth, it was a disagreeable task, which I am afraid I shirked until the very last minute. When I at length spoke to her of the Prince's intended proposal that day, she surprised me by bursting into a flood of tears. But my surprise speedily deepened into something like alarm as, after explaining that I did not for one moment contemplate the possibility of such an union, my daughter turned to me with pallid face and said:

"Papa, I am afraid that man's power is far greater than you imagine. Oh! how I wish you had not given your consent to his seeing me again. Is it not even now possible for him to receive his dismissal at your hands?"

"My dear child," I replied, "I have already told you that my sole reason for acting in this way was that we might both be relieved in the future from the necessity of recognizing his acquaintance in any way. Had I thought you would have objected so strongly to seeing him, I certainly would never have acceded to his request."

"Papa," she answered, with an emotion she vainly strove to suppress, "you know I have never yet told you what I saw during my mesmeric trance in Paris."

"Although I had of late abstained altogether from questioning her as to what had really happened on that memorable night, I had never quite conquered my

curiosity to learn the exact nature of the strange experience she had undergone, and which had affected her so deeply. I therefore waited with much interest for her to proceed.

"But that disclosure was fated never to be made, for at this juncture, to my un-

utterable astonishment, the door opened, and the Prince di Ricordo entered the room. I was too confounded at first to say a single word. That the Prince should call two hours before the appointed time was remarkable, though, of course, sus-

ceptible of explanation. But that my servants, well trained as they were, should permit a visitor to walk in thus unannounced was a matter which filled me with the utmost surprise. The Prince, however, appeared in no wise to regard the circumstance as out of the common. With a coolness which filled me with inexpressible indignation, he intimated that he had anticipated the time fixed for his calling, as he had to leave that afternoon for the Continent on important business.

"Prince," I said, with an effort to emulate his calmness, "though you have, as you say, anticipated the time of your receiving an answer from my daughter's lips, and

though I cannot but feel the greatest surprise at your extraordinary and unannounced intrusion, there can be no possible objection to this matter being settled at once, and finally. My daughter absolutely declines the honour of your alliance, as you will now have the opportunity of hearing from her own lips, after



"OH! HOW I WISH YOU HAD NOT GIVEN
YOUR CONSENT."

which, I must ask you to put into execution the understanding between us.'

"'And that is ——' said the Prince, with a mocking smile.

"'That henceforth you will please to regard my daughter and myself as utter strangers.'

"This time the Prince did not smile, but gazed straight at my daughter, who had sat hitherto as motionless as a marble statue.

"'Lady Blanche!' he said softly—and there was that same peculiar basilisk look in his eyes which I had noticed once before—'that, surely, is not your own decision?'

"My daughter gave a little gasp, as though some violent struggle were passing in her mind, and murmured almost inaudibly,

"'Yes!'

"'Then, listen!' said the Prince, extending his arms with an almost imperceptible undulating movement. 'You have been persuaded against your own nature to make this answer. You are no longer acting as a free agent. I offer you a position which any woman, without respect to birth, might well envy—indeed, a position which many of the proudest in the land would be only too glad to assume—but, Lady Blanche, I wish you, and you alone, to be mine! I ask you to think again ere you reject my proposal.'

"For a moment or two my daughter swayed to and fro upon her chair as if in physical pain, the Prince all the while keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon her, and continuing at the same time the peculiar undulating movement of his arms. Whatever the extraordinary nature of the influence he was exerting upon my daughter might be, I was totally unable to determine, but it seemed to me that her lips were slowly forming an inarticulate assent to his proposal. Exasperated beyond all measure at the audacious behaviour of this man, who seemed resolved, at all costs, to force himself and his unwelcome attentions upon my daughter, I stepped forward, with an indignation which I could not control, and said:

"'Prince, this conduct of yours is both unwarrantable and offensive. You have your answer, which I ask you to be good enough to regard as absolutely final; and you must allow me to say, further, that your withdrawal now is the only course which can possibly commend itself to any right-minded person.'



"PRINCE, THIS CONDUCT IS UNWARRANTABLE."

"The Prince turned round upon me with an indescribable look on his face.

"'My lord,' he said, with great deliberation, 'let me tell you that this is a matter especially between your daughter and myself, and that any effort on your part to thwart my will may be productive of much more startling consequences than you anticipate.'

"'You scoundrel!' I exclaimed furiously. 'How dare you presume to address me thus upon such a matter and in my own house? I insist on your leaving without delay, or I shall adopt the only other alternative at my disposal, and have you promptly turned out by my servants.'

"The Prince's dark eyes literally seemed to flash out fire upon me as I spoke, and there was a cold anger in his voice which was far more impressive than the hottest passion. He advanced slowly into the centre of the room, and said frigidly:

"'Lord Faversham, you have chosen to decline the honour I was desirous of conferring upon your house. It is within my power to exact from you a terrible reparation for the affront you have thus put upon me. But it does not accord with my purpose to do this at the present time. I prefer to give you a fur-

ther measure of grace. Now listen,' he continued, and the evil light in his eyes glittered with an intensity which sent a thrill of horror to my very soul, 'and I will tell you what I will do. I have important business elsewhere, but this day three weeks I will return and demand a different answer at your hands. Upon your head be the consequences if you refuse. In the meantime, it is my will that your daughter be subjected to no other external influence than mine own. She shall remain to all intents dead to you and the world for the period I have named, at the expiration of which I will come and claim her in spite of all opposition.'

"As the Prince finished speaking he turned from me and extended his arms in the direction of my daughter, who had all through remained a passive spectator of this remarkable scene. As he did so he murmured some words, the purport of which I failed to catch, and the next moment my daughter sank back in her chair in a swooning condition. I rushed to the bell to summon assistance, and as soon as it was forthcoming I turned round to settle matters finally with the Prince. But, to my unutterable astonishment, he had disappeared—gone in the same unaccountable way in which he had come. Since then I have neither seen nor heard anything of him, and my daughter has remained in the state in which you have just seen her."

Here the Earl ceased his extraordinary narrative, which, it is needless to say, I had followed throughout with the closest

and most interested attention. The whole surroundings of the case, the continued trance—if such it might be called—of the Lady Blanche, the mysterious appearance of the Prince, and his equally mysterious disappearance, were subjects so entirely out of the ordinary course of events that I could not but feel the most profound amazement at such a tale being possible in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century of ours. So deep, indeed, was my interest that for some little time I remained quite silent, pondering over the strange things I had just heard. At last I turned to the Earl and said thoughtfully:

"When did you say this very uncommon personage announced that he would probably return?"

"To-night at twelve," replied the unhappy father with a sigh.

I glanced towards the clock. It was on the very stroke of the fateful hour. With a curious sensation thrilling every nerve in my body, I turned towards my companion, and as I did so there came a knock at the door. The Earl unlocked it, and a servant entered bearing a card. The Earl took it with a trembling hand, and a heavy groan escaped him. I looked at him interrogatively.

"Yes," he said in reply, "it is as I feared." And he handed me the card. I glanced at it with a strange feeling which I had never before experienced, and read thereon the simple inscription:

THE PRINCE DI RICORDO.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Young England at School.

UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.

IT was a delightfully brisk day at the close of February, when our photographic artist and myself took our seats in a northern express at Euston Station, en route for Uppingham.

The return of a sharp frost had almost checked the sprouting of the trees, and the tread of the horses' feet upon the London roads, told us we had not taken our leave of winter.

Uppingham, in Rutland, is situated on the top of a hill, about twelve miles from Stamford, and is surrounded by delightful and interesting country. The nearest railway station is Seaton, on the London & North Western Railway, which is some three miles distant, but the Railway Company provide a 'bus to meet certain trains, thus making the connecting link complete.

The illustration of a North Western bus' will hardly suggest anything new to many of my readers, but the one represented here is the "Uppingham 'bus," which might be almost described as an adjunct to Uppingham School, for how many of the boys have taken their places upon it, either going home or returning to their work, and will in the future speak of it with fond recollections? The names of the three horses, who take their turns at the pole, are known to the boys, and nobly represent the Com-

pany to which they belong, for they would well grace a gentleman's carriage.

This little coach ride, however, is about to close its pages, for a new line, with a pretty little station at the foot of the hill, will doubtless have been opened for goods traffic by the time this magazine reaches our readers. A little later on, the passenger trains will run, *via* Seaton and Rugby, in conjunction with the



ENTRANCE TO THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

grand service of express trains through the North to Scotland, and through Wales to Ireland on the London and North Western system.

This will prove a great boon to Uppingham, and should call forth attention from tourists, or those, at any rate, who prefer to explore picturesque and dear old England before travelling abroad.

Seaton station is some little distance from the village from which it derives its name, and it is situated in one of our grand valleys overlooking a railway viaduct with eighty-two arches.

It was evening when we alighted and took our seats in the 'bus, but by the aid of a brilliant moon, we were able to admire the surrounding country, which was enveloped in snow, much to our astonishment.

About half an hour sufficed to bring us to the College town, and, passing the market place, a halt was made at the White Hart Hotel, where we found most comfortable and homely quarters, and a good host in Mr. Galletly, the proprietor. It might have been midnight when we walked through Uppingham, after having refreshed ourselves, for at nine o'clock the main street, which it may be said constitutes the whole town, was quite deserted, and its occupants, to all appearances, retired to rest. The following



THE RAILWAY 'BUS

morning, about seven o'clock, the picture was indeed different, for outside there was a hum and trampling of feet, that told me the boys were preparing for morning chapel. I was soon on the school grounds, for the White Hart almost adjoins the entrance, which forms one of our illustrations, and there found sons of Uppingham hurrying to school from all directions, some finishing their toilet as they came.

Almost the first thing that attracted my attention was the pleasant expression of contentment on each boy's face, while the

smile with which each boy was greeted by a passing master, and the modest and affable way it was received and acknowledged, told me that all at Uppingham were happy, and that more than usual interest was taken at this school by the masters to harmonise Uppingham life as between themselves and their boys.

Uppingham School is not



THE OLD STUDIES AND OLD SCHOOL HOUSE QUADRANGLE.

King's College, Cambridge, was, like his predecessor, educated at Eton. For six years he worked hard as Principal of the Liverpool College, and was largely instrumental in regaining for that college its old position as a famous educational establishment.

Prior to Mr. Selwyn taking the reins of office, the great Shaw Street college was labouring under apparent decline; but the new master soon reversed matters and, by agitating for additional accommodation, which was subsequently provided in the south end of the city—the most fashionable suburb—the school became again popular.

At Uppingham, where he has ruled since the end of 1887, he has vigorously maintained the good work of Thring. He has reorganised the work with marked success and largely increased the working staff.

Two army classes have been started by Mr. Selwyn, and a new boarding-house built and filled. It goes without saying that Uppingham can rejoice in possessing an excellent Headmaster, for under him the high-water mark of number of boys has been reached, viz., three hundred and sixty-seven.

Mr. Selwyn has made ample provision for his increasing numbers in order that each boy may receive the separate care and attention that was Thring's strongest point. Even now the steady growth of the school demands additional buildings.

In 1890 the new school-house and class-rooms were opened, and I think I am correct in stating that new buildings for further accommodation will shortly be erected to complete the school-house quadrangle. One can hardly imagine a school attaining such a pinnacle of greatness in so comparatively short a period.

Founded by a devout man and a scholar, and at all

times cared for by a committee of watchful governors, we might have expected Uppingham to have flourished from the outset of its career, whereas it merely existed through centuries as a country grammar school until 1853, when Edward Thring gave it second birth. When appointed to Uppingham, Thring found only twenty-five pupils and two antiquated buildings—the old school in Uppingham churchyard and the School House with twenty-three studies—and a yard and garden, covering altogether an acre and a half; and the capital invested in them has been estimated at £4,000.

The late Headmaster was not destined to allow the school to creep on as hitherto, and in 1862 the governors of the foundation contributed £3,093, and the great schoolroom was built; the chapel was erected two years later. How year by year saw important schemes and improvements developed and carried out has been well chronicled, and made the name of Thring one that will stand foremost in the history of the school.

The character of the man is fairly set out by a correspondent to the *National Baptist*, Philadelphia, U.S.A., who had been kindly received by the famous master. When asked to give in as few words as possible the secret of his success he replied: "It is very simple; it all lies in three principles:—

"First, every boy must be taught—*every* boy: not the bright boys only, but the



THE SCHOOL HOUSE QUADRANGLE.

dull boys as well—and each boy must be taught according to his individuality. The same methods will not always do for all, and *every* boy must be taught.

"Second, for teaching every boy, there must be adequate appliances, a sufficient number of teachers, suitable premises, apparatus, etc.

"Third, religion is at the basis of all true education."

When we consider the first of Mr. Thring's principles—that every boy should be "taught"—it implies a sense of duty to each boy placed under his care that was so characteristic of the man.

This Lord Norton fully confirmed when speaking on behalf of the trustees on the occasion of the Tercentenary: "Not only had the Headmaster to take all ages of boyhood under his care, but his principle was that all boys who did come under his care were entitled to his equal attention, one with the other. That, perhaps, is the main point of his pre-eminent success in the work of this school. We all know that it is difficult for masters to pay equal care to all under their charge.

"There is no cramming here, as in the National Schools—on a mercantile system of payment by results. To make the most of culture is the object, whatever the results. The fact is that to teach a dull or an unwilling boy is the most painful drudgery that can be inflicted on a master, while to educate a willing and a bright, clever boy is the highest delight that a master can enjoy. There are many schools that have positively made a reputation out of the neglect of their duty. The merit of Uppingham is that it has set its front boldly against making a show of clever boys, and has fairly undertaken the task of education. At Uppingham the



REV. E. C. SELWYN, M.A., HEADMASTER.

attempt is made to train the boy, his character and his faculties, so as to make the best of the material."

Taking Mr. Thring's second principle, we find he strongly opposed any master having more boys than he could advantageously instruct; and in the formation of the character of the boys he was greatly of belief that female influence in the houses, such as that of the master's wife, was greatly conducive to their happiness.

This principle has been stoutly and stanchly maintained, and each boy must now look back with great respect to the man who inaugurated such sound measures.

In each of the houses, even now, only thirty-two boys are boarded, each having his own little study—his own castle—where he can work, and think and be alone. With this limited number in each house, every boy is individually cared for by his house-master, and comes into intimate contact with the house-master's family, thereby still upholding what Thring ascribed as "a large share of the success of the school."

I shall make reference again next month to the studies, having decided to continue this article in our next issue.

The Old Grammar School has become the property of the trustees, and is now called the "Studio," as will be seen from our illustration.

It is here where Mr. Charles Rossiter presides. The exterior of the building presents a barn-like appearance; but nevertheless, it is Old Uppingham School, and if not architecturally beautiful, it is full of cherished associations of an ancient past, and the basis of a great future.

The old School House may be termed

the most historic building attached to Uppingham, for it was here that Thring lived, and even in the present day the whole building seems to re-echo his name. His private apartments have been converted into offices for the trustees, and the boys' apartments, together with the late Headmaster's study, have been converted into one grand library, well stocked with a carefully selected collection of literature.

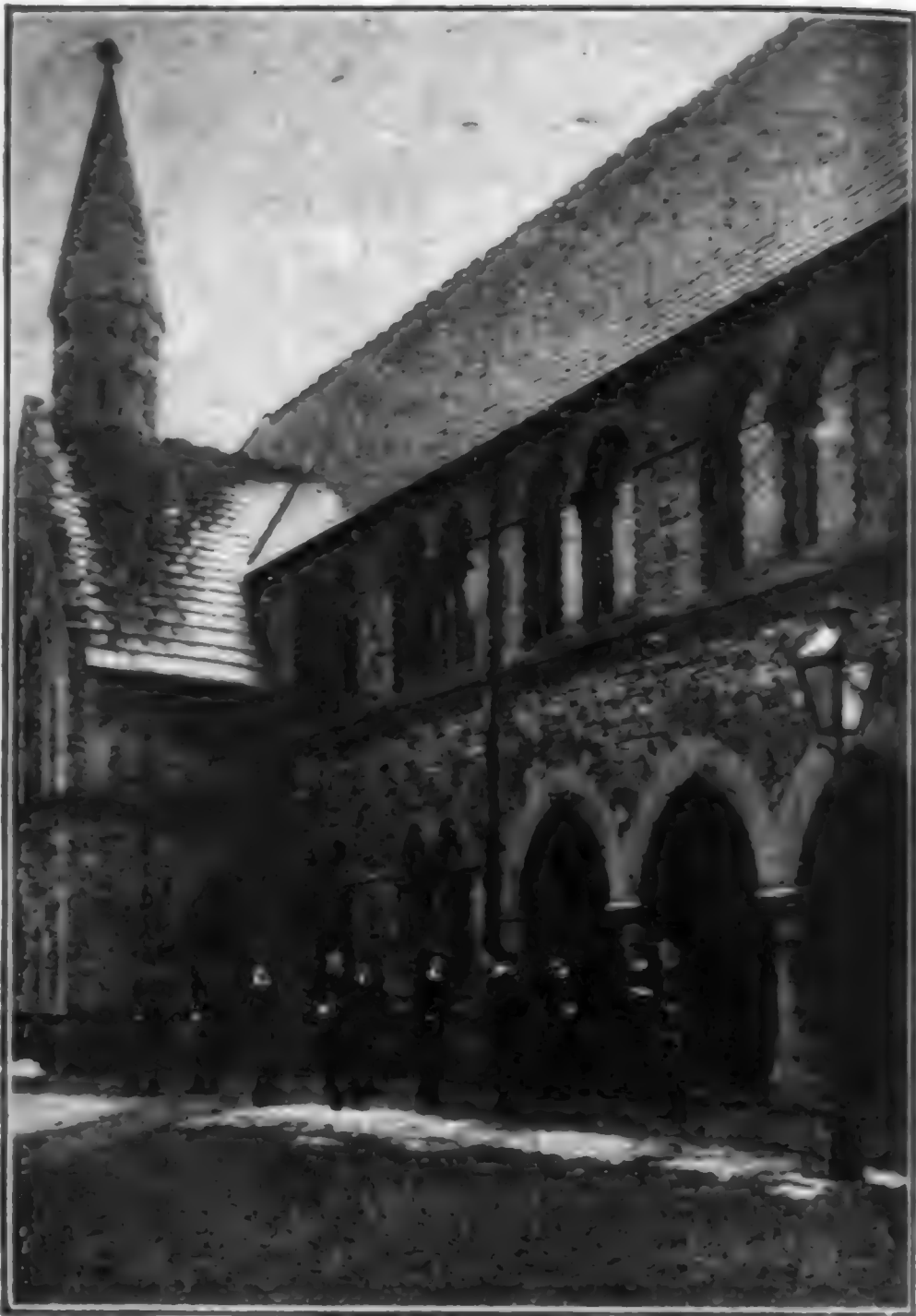
In making this alteration, the trustees have taken great pains not to destroy, in any particular, the old building externally, and when throwing open Thring's study, the space it occupied has been marked out in the floor in brass, which bears suitable words to his memory.

The library has few restrictions, and is available to every boy in the school. It is a favourite haunt of most boys, under the care of Mr. Hebden, the librarian. A valuable painting of Mr. R. L. Nettleship adorns the wall. Mr. Nettleship (late tutor of Balliol College) was an Uppingham Old Boy, who only a short time ago died on the Alps from exposure to cold.

Mr. Nettleship was an Old Boy of whom Uppingham was proud, and his sad death was greatly mourned by all at the school.

He was one who made a most excellent speech at the School's Tercentenary, in which he made reference to his first visit to Switzerland, and his introduction to the mountains upon which he came to such a tragic end.

Perhaps I should first have mentioned the old School House studies, which form two sides of the School House yard, through which we have to pass to the library.



THE CLOISTERS AND ENTRANCE TO BIG SCHOOL.



SIXTH FORM.

As will be seen from our illustration of the Old Quadrangle, they are indeed ancient, and one of the first things that would incite the visitor's curiosity.

It is not known when or by whom they were built; but whoever built them did a good deed and a fruitful one. They are, of course, now disused, and present a cold appearance as against the newly erected ones; but in their day they were sufficient to be regarded by their occupants as their "Mecca," and would then have looked more cheerful when tastefully decorated by the studious and painstaking pupils.

In the winter months hot water pipes heated these small rooms; and in the summer the roses and Virginia creeper intermixed with the ivy, which now covers the buildings, in very pretty contrast.

These are the only traces of Old Uppingham School dating beyond half-a-century ago, and long may they stand to testify to the pious intent of the founder.

The School Chapel erected from the design and under the superintendence of Mr. A. E. Street, is the most important of the many school buildings.

It is in early decorated style, 100 feet long by 30 feet wide, and capable of accommodating over 400 sitters. The chancel is separated from the

nave by a dwarf stone screen; and the elevation of the sanctuary, and the height and beauty of the east windows, form a striking interior.

The easternmost window in the south wall is of three lights, filled with painted glass, illustrating the Resurrection, and is the gift of the parents of a boy who died at the school.

The reredos is a magnificent work of art, the frame being of alabaster, with marble shafts in the central portion, and inlaid marble work in alabaster on the walls at the sides.

There are three large panels filled with glass mosaic. The centre subject is the "Adoration of the Magi." In the panel to the left (north) of the centre, "The Nativity of the Saviour"; in that to the right (south), "Christ amongst the Doc-

tors" is the subject. The drawing in each case is exceptionally good, and were executed under the supervision of the architect, Mr. Arthur E. Street.

The pulpit is exceedingly rich alabaster, intermixed with Derbyshire, Irish and Italian marbles.

Since the death of the famous late master, the Rev. Edw. Thring, M.A., which took place to the bereavement of Uppingham, October 22, 1887, an ante-chapel has been built



THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.

at the end of the School Chapel to his memory in which a very excellent statue, representing the great Head seated in the chair shown in our illustration of the Sixth Form room, in which he sat for upwards of twenty years, will remain a lasting monument to his memory. Crossed above his head are the two flags which were used instead of a bell at Borth, in Cardiganshire; for, like Wellington College, Uppingham was compelled to leave their home and seek comforts abroad, until the infectious epidemic that was raging in the vicinity of the school had abated. It is no easy matter to move a whole school all at a moment, as it were, but it had to be done in February of 1876, and Uppingham itself was as dead, until their return in May, 1877, for during that interval, those connected with the school will recall incidents of Uppingham-by-the-Sea. The large Hall over the Sixth Form room and Colonnade, is probably one of the largest attached to a public school, an illustration of which will appear in our next issue.

It is here where all the festivities of the School take place, one of the walls of which is adorned by an oil painting representing Thring at his work, which is said to be hardly so striking a portrait as



THE CHAPEL.

the statue in the Chapel.

Under the presidency of Mr. Howson, there is a very successful Natural Science Society, which numbers upwards of one hundred and fifty members, doing good work in its various sections—photography, ornithology, botany, etc., as may be seen by its lists of lectures and its excursions.

I should very much like to see improvements in the Science Department, which can hardly be said to cope

with those more recently built at other schools, and I think I am correct in assuming that Uppingham will not be wanting in this respect within the next year or so.

The metal workshop finds a place in the building that serves for the Science Department. It is not an exceptionally large place, but its size gives no idea of the excellent work executed in it. The number of lathes in so small a compass would suggest overcrowding, but I must confess I was surprised to find such a high standard of work had been attained; and the little models of engines, dynamos and telephonic apparatuses simply astonished me.

The Carpenters' Shop in the New School House quadrangle also has many members, and under the tuition of an able instructor, boys are given a good idea of



OLD UPPINGHAM SCHOOL, NOW THE STUDIO.

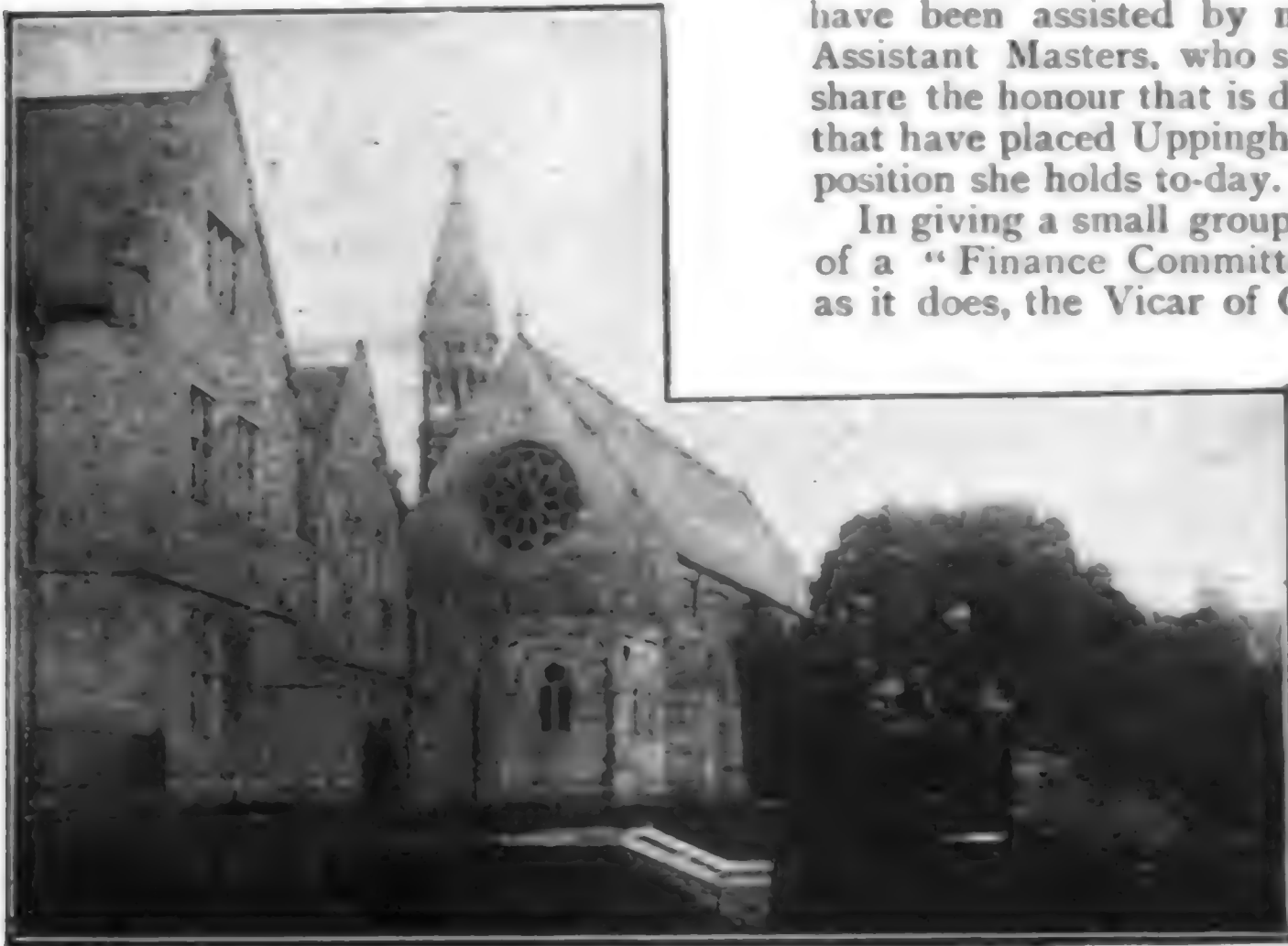
the craft, and are able, at times, to largely assist to repair or decorate the School.

Even the Old School in the low churchyard was renovated by the young carpenters at Uppingham School in the way of a handsome timber roof.

It is only right that I should add, before adjourning my comments upon Uppingham until next issue, that during all the success that has attended the School no small weight should be attached to the fact that in all undertakings both the late and the present Headmasters have been assisted by most competent Assistant Masters, who should therefore share the honour that is due to the works that have placed Uppingham in the proud position she holds to-day.

In giving a small group, under the title of a "Finance Committee"—including, as it does, the Vicar of Oakham, a most

sincere worker amongst the trustees—I cannot close the pages without according to those gentlemen hearty appreciation of the way they have worked and succeeded in not only sustaining the foundation,



VIEW OF CHAPEL AND SCHOOL FROM HEADMASTER'S GARDEN.



INTERIOR OF STUDIO.

but in making their charge a shining light in the Scholastic World.

Although sons of Uppingham have risen and distinguished themselves both in the Church and as masters, I will not pretend to enumerate their names here,

and will excuse myself for doing so by quoting the closing remarks of the speech by Lord Norton:—

“I will say, in conclusion, we do not care how many of the boys I see before me rise to eminence in any line, or any profession. That is not the object of this school. What we hope is that they will show, in after life,

that their characters have been drawn out so as to act on good principles, and

that each takes his part in life to the best of his abilities.”

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

(To be continued).

Our Illustrations are from a splendid series of Photographs taken specially for this Magazine by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Prints from the Original negatives can be obtained.



The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE:—ETON, HARROW, RUGBY, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, DULWICH, ST. PAUL'S, CHARTERHOUSE, WELLINGTON, MERCHANT TAYLORS', MARLBOROUGH, CLIFTON, CHELTENHAM, LEYS COLLEGE, BEDFORD GRAMMAR AND HAILEYBURY COLLEGE (Harrow and Rugby are out of print), but back numbers of the others can be obtained through all Booksellers, or direct from the Office, 53, Fleet Street, London. Post-free, 8½d. each.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE.

THAT a home of her own is the Ultima Thule of a woman's happiness may be taken for granted : with the additional luxury of a husband and children, if the fates are propitious, or without them if, by the circumstances of her life, they are unattainable blessings.

This very natural instinct (which is possessed to a greater or less degree by the feminine portion of savage as well as civilised nations) is especially marked in women of the Anglo-Saxon race, who unfortunately, owing to their overpowering numbers, are in so many cases obliged to feather their own nests, instead of waiting for love-sick swains, to come and do it for them.

The advantages of one's own house can only be fully appreciated by those who have languished under the autocratic sway of extortionate boarding-house keepers, or have had to abide by the slipshod management and indifferent service of the average second-class lodging-house. So to these victims, who, in desperation, have taken the law into their own hands with the full determination to provide for themselves a quaint and cosy dwelling-place wherein they can set up their *lares et penates* and be in peace, I shall in these hints for furnishing a flat especially address myself.

In London, many of the provincial towns, and, especially, in Scotland, where this mode of life finds most favour, a flat containing four or five rooms, and the customary offices, may be rented for prices varying from £50 to £70 per annum, according to locality. Presuming that the domicile has been selected and that it is in a state of habitable repair, which includes such details as a sound roof, constant water supply, a complete system of drainage, and prettily decorated rooms, all that remains for the tenant to do is to arrange and order her dwelling

so that it reflects her own personality, and so becomes a fitting frame for the owner.

Now, I confess that I have a decided leaning towards cleanliness ; and high art, as represented by penny Japanese fans and coloured muslins at 2½d. a yard, has few attractions for me. Whether the fact is palatable or not, I must maintain that the average English-woman is too fond of the "Finikin in Furnishing." Take the usual drawing-room in a middle-class household, for example, is it not a maze of vases, pictures, brackets, and tables loaded with bric-a-brac ? Are not the walls hung with plates and dishes (only intended by the mortal men who made them, for the reception of food), interspersed with so-called works of art, draped with velvet, lest the gorgeous scenes depicted should burst too suddenly upon the naked eye. Few things escape this doll-dressing mania—from the chimney-piece and mirror to brackets and bellows—and if a check is not soon put on furniture millinery, we shall have the coal-box covered with velvet, and the poker decked with ribbon and frilling.

From this little protest my readers must not think that I abjure draperies altogether ; on the contrary, rich curtains, handsome portières, even fairy-like folds of lace or cretonne to the testers of beds, all come within the scheme of useful and beautiful adjuncts to furnishing, and it is only when, from lack of taste and knowledge, yards of material are wasted in incongruous positions, that I rise in my wrath and cry out with all my strength, for hygienic and beautiful surroundings.

Speaking of curtains reminds me of windows, and I recently saw some which were so conveniently arranged that the danger of anyone meeting with an accident when cleaning them was reduced to a minimum. An apparatus has been in-

vented for raising and lowering the sashes by a screw movement worked by a key, which locks them so that they cannot be moved from the outside, and consequently are burglar proof. In addition, both sashes are hinged at the side, and can be opened inwards, in the same manner as a French window. This simple invention can be applied to ordinary windows, and will doubtless supersede the heavy sliding sashes, which are tiresome to raise, on account of their weight, and most difficult to clean, especially on the outer side.

In flats, as a rule, scullery accommodation is conspicuous by its absence. Under these circumstances, any domestic appliance which lessens labour, should be taken advantage of, and as the floors in these cheaper houses are not immaculate, it is a good plan to commence operations by covering every square inch with well-seasoned linoleum. This excludes all draughts, is easily cleaned, makes an admirable covering for the bathroom, kitchen and hall, and can be supplemented in the sitting and bedrooms by central bordered carpets of various kinds. A dado of the same carried round the kitchen, and kept in place by a wooden moulding, is a great protection to the wall, and this plan may be adopted in the bathroom with advantage, if it is not already decorated with glazed tiles or stained wood.

Trunks and boxes having loose covers of cretonne, or other suitable material, make useful seats and store-places, as few flats have the requisite number of cupboards for even a small family. As space is valuable, the windows also should have box seats, and all recesses should be fitted with nests of shelves, or be converted into hanging wardrobes, the contents of which are concealed by simple

pine doors or curtains. Corners of bedrooms can be similarly treated and by adopting this plan, expensive wardrobes need not be purchased. In the dining-room and drawing-room fitted bookshelves and corner cupboards are both effective and useful. In a small room a sideboard is likely to be in the way, and a buffet, which will, perhaps, fit into a recess, will be found more convenient, and answer the same purpose. By dispensing with the larger piece of furniture, it is often possible to find space for a writing-table. The particular kind must of course depend, in a large measure, upon the tastes and avocations of the mistress of the house; but whether of a simple or elaborate nature, it should be her special care to keep it well supplied with all necessary materials.

A box ottoman couch can be divided into compartments for storing music, newspapers, magazines, and other odds and ends. Those intended for the bedrooms should have an extra tray for hats and bonnets, the lower portion being reserved for evening dresses, which need not then be doubled. Simple iron or brass bedsteads, with a woven wire mattress and hair overlay, are excellent

for the purpose for which they are designed. Those who object to their uncompromising air of stern respectability can soften the outline by fixing a brass ring to the ceiling, through which may be passed a couple of lace curtains, looped to the bed-posts. Or three bars of wood or brass can be fixed in the wall, the centre one four feet above the head of the bedstead, and the others on either side. Over these, suitable draperies will fall in easy folds, and shade the sleeper without impeding the current of fresh air which should be freely ad-



CENTRE PIECE FOR DINNER TABLE.

mitted at all seasons of the year by a good method of ventilation. The entrance hall must also have a certain amount of consideration. Too many of us lavish all our attention on the sitting-rooms, and neglect that portion of the house which is little used.

I have already referred to linoleum as a floor covering. This should be selected with a small pattern, and of not too light a shade. I am fully aware that artistic furnishers are fond of recommending the self-coloured fabric, but, from personal experience, I must condemn it, as it shows every footmark, and is twice as much trouble to keep in order as that which is printed with a conventional design. Many place one or two Oriental rugs in the hall, and they certainly give a more homely and furnished appearance to it. But if it is narrow, in fact a passage, as so many are, a good stair carpet run down the centre is, perhaps, a better method of treating it. Hall stands, hat rails, rows of hooks, and other atrocities, will, I hope, soon be extinct, for nothing could be prettier or more convenient than the hall cupboards and wardrobes which are now in general use. These may be placed in a corner, or against a wall, according to the shape of the hall, and should be fitted with a drawer. hat rails, and hooks, at a

suitable height for people of average stature to reach with ease. I have also had a movable tray and brass fixture, similar to those attached to pews in churches, added to my own, which I find a great convenience. Some, however, may prefer umbrella stands of blue and white china, which may be purchased at any Oriental warehouse for a few shillings. A settle, with box for carriage rug, etc., makes the most useful hall seat, but if space is limited a couple of chairs should be substituted. As a certain amount of latitude must be allowed in the hall and its decorations, I do not suggest any particular form of table, as various quaint examples of such old masters as Chippendale, Sheraton, or Hepplewhite, may occasionally be met with by those who earnestly seek for them, and when found will always be a source of pleasure to the possessor. The lighting arrangements also depend upon circumstances, and convenient as gas may be, in many respects, some prefer a hanging or



PLATE CHEST.



FLORAL BASKET LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY.

standard lamp; and the latter especially has a good decorative effect, and, with a pretty shade, emits sufficient light for such a position. A wall mirror is a *sine qua non*, for, though women generally complete their toilette in their own rooms, masculine visitors like to take a sly glance at themselves before encountering the gaze of the general public. Plants and flowers must also have their appointed place. A few shillings spent on these from time to time so adds to the general effect that one should never grudge a judicious expenditure in this direction. For the maiden lady, if not of mature years, who has at least arrived at years of discretion, a large supply of linen, china and glass is unnecessary, but what they lack in quantity should certainly be made up in quality. Let her damask cloths and linen sueets be of the finest texture, delicately embroidered and trimmed with lace; her glass clear as crystal and engraved with a monogram; her plate chaste and quaint in design, in fact, all the details of the household should give an idea of refinement rather than of lavish expenditure.

And who can say that such a home has no influence on the world at large? Is it not a pleasure to the owner thereof, to welcome those who, from some cause or other, have fallen behind in the race for life; to make it a harbour for the young and inexperienced girl craving loving sympathy, and last, but not least,

a comfortable waiting-place for those who will soon be resting for all time—that rest which we must all take sooner or later.

"Home, not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded."

* * *

The charming receptions given between three and five o'clock on the first and third Tuesday in the month, by our popular Lady Mayoress, have been largely attended, not only by city magnates and their wives and families, but by those who have distinguished themselves in the political, literary and artistic world. The fragrant bohea, accompanied by fruit and other dainties calculated to stimu-

late epicurean appetites, is served at buffets in the vestibule of the Mansion House, and the handsome suite of gold and white drawing-rooms is reserved for those who desire to hear a well-chosen programme



From a Photo by]

[H. Witte, Baden-Baden

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

of vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with recitations and other forms of entertainment.

* * *

H.R.H. Princess Christian, as president of the Royal School of Needlework, Kensington, has always identified herself with the work and welfare of women, and recently, at a meeting at the Imperial Institute, she submitted a scheme for the establishment of a self-supporting Women's School of Design. It is proposed to teach the proper application of design to wall-

decorations, including papers, tapestries, silk draperies, chintzes, frescoes, and to floor decorations, particularly to mosaic and similar forms of pavement; rugs, carpets, linoleum, etc. Special facilities will be offered for acquiring a sound knowledge of the various branches of architecture, combined with interior house decoration and fitting. Metal work, ornamental plaster work, modelling, glass painting, furniture, needlework, book illustration and other features of artistic and decorative work, will also receive attention; and it is ultimately in-

tended to form a reference library and museum in connection with the school. It is estimated that the fees paid by students will amply cover the expenses of management and tuition, while the sale of designs will be for the benefit of each designer, who will, in the course of study, receive the reward of individual talent and industry.

A second meeting, at which Her Royal Highness Princess Christian also presided, was held, by permission of the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, to obtain an expression of opinion with regard to the proposed scheme, from manufacturers and others whom it is expected would give

their patronage and assistance to such an undertaking. Among the speakers were H.R.H. Princess Christian (whose clear articulation and well-modulated voice evidently impressed her hearers quite as much as the subject of her address); Mr. Dunlop Hopkins, the founder of a similar school in the United States, which is now in a flourishing condition, and has been instrumental in training a number of architects' draughtswomen and designers in various branches of trade, who are at present engaged in lucrative employments; the Lord Mayor; Sir David Evans; Alder-

man Faudel Phillips; Mr. Rawlinson; Dr. Sedgwick Saunders, Master of the Broiderer's Company; and Dr. Garnet, Chairman of the Technical Education Board, who offered many valuable suggestions for the management of the new School of Design.

* * *

The Duchess of Teck is another royal lady who is never weary in well-doing. Among the many charities to which she gives her patronage and practical assistance, is the Needlework Guild, which was founded for the purpose of providing the poor

and needy with warm clothing—the gift of two articles a-year constituting membership. Only those who are constantly among the sick and suffering can realise the destitution existing in London, and the larger provincial towns; and the difficulties which surround those who are struggling to keep the wolf poverty from their door. When a long, and in many cases a hopeless malady attacks them, one by one their cherished household gods are sacrificed for the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. For such as these the Needlework Guild was provided. I was once told by the wife of the Vicar of an East End parish, that if



From a Photo. by]

[Kingsbury and Notcutts.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

persons recovered they were absolutely without wearing apparel, as their entire wardrobes were pawned for a few pence to provide food and shelter, till such time as they were able to work again for a mere subsistence. When women match-makers, sack-makers and refuse-sorters only earn four or five shillings a-week, it does not leave a wide margin for saving for a rainy day; and such cases must appeal to those who enjoy average comfort, even if they cannot indulge in the luxuries of life. At the last meeting of the Needlework Guild it was stated by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, that she, her daughter and the Duchess of Albany always kept a piece of work on hand, to take up at odd moments, and Her Royal Highness signified her deep interest in this movement for distributing the work done by the members, among the poorest charitable agencies, parish missions, homes, hospitals, etc. In the Needlework Guild a kindly emulation seems to exist with regard to the amount of work sent in. The annual contribution from the President, the Duchess of Teck, generally exceeds two thousand articles of clothing; the Duchess of York sends nearly as many, and both London and provincial members contribute in a generous manner to this excellent society, which owes its existence to the late Lady Wolverton.

* * *

It has been very justly said that the parks are the lungs of London, and never are they to be seen to better advantage than in the early spring. They come as a boon and a blessing to large numbers of men, women and children, who, but for them, would never know from practical experience that green grass, shady trees or flowers existed. Whoever set the example of disposing of surplus wealth by creating parks for the people, should receive the honour attached to an event which has resulted in the greatest pleasure to the greater number. Municipal bodies, taking a broader view of their duties than hitherto, followed suit, and, out of the rates of the people, have formed for the people beautiful parks and gardens which are real oases in the deserts of bricks and mortar by which they are surrounded. Where possible, miniature lakes and cascades have been added with charming effect: and there is nothing more delight-

ful than to listen to a babbling stream or dripping water, when the thermometer stands at 90° in the shade. No wonder the parks are appreciated and filled to overflowing, for can anyone conceive a greater contrast than the homes of the poor and one of these charming resorts of panting and over-worked humanity.

* * *

Those who doubt that monkeys can communicate with each other by means of speech should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Professor Garner's interesting article in the current *Pall Mall Magazine*, in which he relates his unique experiences in the African jungle, where he lived for three months in a steel cage, and had many facilities for studying gorillas, chimpanzees and other apes in their native haunts. A largely attended lecture was recently given at Prince's Hall, W., and in the audience were many of the scientific men of the day, who evidently appreciated the professor's straightforward, easy delivery, sense of humour, earnestness of purpose and knowledge of this obscure branch of science. When Professor Garner has finished a book he is now writing and which will doubtless be received with as much enthusiasm as his last work, "Monkey Language," and has completed his lecturing arrangements, he intends to return to Africa in pursuit of an object to which he has devoted so large a portion of his life.

* * *

That cherished haven of women journalists, the Writers' Club, founded mainly through the instrumentality of John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard), to whom the members should ever be grateful, is about to remove to larger and more commodious premises in Norfolk Street, Strand. The prosperity of the club, in a large measure, is owing to the energy and popularity of its first president, assisted by a well-chosen and able committee who use every endeavour to further the interests of the members, now three hundred in number. Though, first and foremost, a club for earnest workers the social side of life has never been neglected. The house teas have promoted a feeling of goodwill and kindly helpfulness, and at these most cheerful and informal gatherings words of encourage-

growing desire among women for a *rendezvous*, where they can exchange ideas with those who have won name and fame in various walks of life. Clubs are also a distinct advantage to those who desire to widen their social circle.

* * *

A tendency to simplicity marks the latest French fashions (especially in models prepared for evening wear,) and the softest and most diaphanous fabrics are often selected in preference to those of a more substantial character, such as *moirés*, *brocades*, *gros grains* and similar materials. These lighter goods, however, are invariably made over, or with, a silken lining, which answers the double purpose of giving the gown a certain density of substance and also, if a contrasting colour be chosen, of suggesting those ever-varying shades



ACCORDION FLEATED DRESS OF CRÈPE DE CHINE

ment and assistance have been given from time to time to those whose paths were full of those difficulties and stumbling-blocks with which the thorny roads of literature are strewn.

The Pioneer Club, too, has outgrown the present premises in Cork Street. With four hundred members, not to mention their friends, both the "At Homes," social evenings and dinners have become inconveniently crowded. It is, however, with a feeling of regret that a change is made, for the rooms are so tastefully furnished (thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Massingberd, the President of the Pioneers,) and withal so convenient, that it would please many to remain where they are, rather than go to more sumptuous, but unfamiliar surroundings. Doubtless larger premises will increase the membership, as there appears to be a



WHITE CREPON DRESS, WITH TRIPLE SKIRT.

which we associate with that beautiful but unlucky stone, the opal. Our artist, in the accompanying sketch, has given a most dainty robe of pearl-white *crêpe de Chine* accordion pleated, relieved by blush-rose satin which shimmers through its voluminous folds and appears again in the waist-belt. The square-cut bodice is filled in with lace, and the artistic double-puffed sleeves have ruffles of the same.

Another girlish dress is of white crepon, with an openwork stripe which occasionally reveals glimpses of pale green silk, the lovely tint of the willow in early spring, ere dust and contamination has sullied its fairy-like foliage. The triple skirt is confined by a sash, fastened with a large gold buckle, from which fall long ends deeply fringed. The bodice has a V-shaped opening, draped with a fichu of lace, and the latter also edges the sleeves. There appears to be a desire to promote, as far as possible, home industries, and to secure a portion, at least, of the vast sum annually spent in this country on the outward adorning of the body, for the benefit of our own artizans and to prevent its going to foreign competitors who are already well provided for. So many provincial firms have spent considerable sums on new designs and machinery this season, that their fabrics compare favourably with those from other sources, and will, I hope, receive a fair amount of patronage.

Sometimes, in the privacy of

domestic life, we women are apt to become careless about our appearance, and gradually sink into a slough of dowdiness which is depressing enough to ourselves, but ten times more so, to those with whom we come into daily contact. A well-bred woman should always desire to appear to the best advantage, and use all *legitimate* means for this purpose. It may seem contradictory, but I am inclined to think that what is generally known as good dressing depends upon having as few gowns as possible, only those few must be irreproachable in cut, and of the very best material. Hoarding numerous garments for moth and dust to corrupt, is absolutely suicidal, for when they are unearthed several months after they are made, they are never satisfactory and quite out of date. This little homily leads up to the

very charming house dress which I have had specially designed to meet the requirements of readers of *THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE*, and which I feel sure will meet with their hearty approval. Soft velvet of a rich chestnut shade has been chosen for the skirt and trimmings, and the over-dress is of brown cachmere, relieved by a cream silk yoke, gathered into a neatly folded collar.



A SMART HOUSE DRESS.

NOTE.—For the drawings of the Spinster's Plate Chest and the dinner-table decorations, I am indebted to Messrs. Mappin & Webb, Oxford Street, London.



INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH.

SOCIAL. DRAMATIC. MUSICAL. GOSSIP.

NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

By JOHN A. STEUART.

A CHARGE of exceeding gravity has been brought against the British nation. We, the descendants of the Puritans, the exemplars of moderation and becoming behaviour to all the peoples of the earth, are accused—one blushes to write it—of flirting, not privately and decently, according to the ancient canons of the art, but flagrantly and scandalously in the public eye. Naturally, many people are scandalised, as they have a right to be, and have expressed themselves in the newspapers with fitting asperity and disgust. Hosts of the readers of the *Daily News*, for example, have written to that eminently decorous journal in questionable English and every variety of mood to pour out their glowing convictions and opinions on the momentous question. The views are as various as the correspondents. Some of the writers are entertaining, some sensible, several absurd, others merely dull, and not a few vulgar. The great majority condemn flirting as dangerous to morals and foolish as policy, though a few incorrigible scapegraces (and these are the entertaining ones) do not shrink from openly upholding it. It is said there is far more flirting in times of commercial depression, like the

present, than when business is brisk and profitable. The explanation is that in good times young gentlemen are in a position to make experiments in matrimony, while in bad times all concerned have to content themselves with such opportunities to flirt as they may be able to seize. Is the argument sound, think you? Does the money market rule the matrimonial market in this arbitrary fashion? Scott assures us that “love rules the camp, the court, the grove, and men below and saints above”; but then Scott was only a poet, and could not be expected to appreciate the significance to love’s young dream of financial complications. At any rate, his dictum no longer holds good. ‘Tis money makes the mare go, nowadays, and the philosopher, however much he might grieve over the fact, would be the last to deny it. The root of all evil is the great salver of men’s hearts—the great solver of their domestic problems. Iago’s advice, “put money in thy purse,” never had such pertinence as it has to-day.

* * *

But suppose a generation of bad times, or, to stretch a bit, two or three generations—what then? No marriages! no cottages by the sea, and cooing over the conventional volume of Tennyson (it may be William Watson, or Norman Gale, or Rudyard Kipling, or any one of Mr. H. D. Traill’s three score and ten minor poets now); no romance; nothing of the spirit of Mrs. Micawber, who swore frequently and solemnly that, in spite of all financial embarrassments, she never would desert Mr. Micawber. That is a likely tale, indeed. Are the dearest girls in the world to be left to pine in desolate maidenhood because there happens to be a scarcity of filthy lucre—or rather, because that filthy lucre does not circulate so freely as could be wished? As the patriotic orator would exclaim, “Perish the idea!” Mr. W. H.



Mallock might well ask, whether life would be worth living on such terms, and a chorus of feminine voices answer in a loud and prolonged negative. No, life would certainly not be worth living if two hearts that beat as one were to be kept asunder, simply because crusty fathers decline to come forward in the proper fashion and say: "Here, Evelina, darling, is a cheque; go, marry Edwin and be happy. When you are in need of more funds let me hear from you." Enterprising couples have many resources in these days. They can run into debt, they can sponge on their friends, they can start bogus companies, write religious novels, lecture on the relations of the sexes, the immortality of animals, the imperfections in the design and economy of the universe, the mistakes of Moses,



"PERISH THE IDEA!"

and so forth. They can start philanthropic societies, and have themselves appointed paid officers, with absolute discretion to deal with the funds as they may think proper; they can—but there is no end of the ways in which the wind may be raised. All that is needed are courage and a quick eye for the weaknesses of mankind. With these, man or woman may realise a fortune in a year.

* * *

It is noticeable that none of the *Daily News* correspondents attempts a definition of flirting. Let us see what the dictionary says. Joseph Emerson Worcester, a staid man and honest, defines flirt as "a girl who acts with levity and wantonness; a coquette, a jilt"; and flirtation as "a kind of coquetry; an effort to attract notice; a play at love." Ogilvie and Anandale, also honest men and staid, define



"HERE, EVELINA, IS A CHEQUE."

flirt as "a woman who plays at courtship; a coquette." It will be observed that the learned lexicographers make no mention of men in connection with—shall we call it the vice of?—flirting. Is this because they were men and prepossessed in favour of their own sex? The reason, I fancy, is etymological. The etymology of the word, indeed, is not quite clear. There are various theories respecting it; but the general opinion of those most competent to judge is that flirt comes from the Anglo-Saxon—*fleardian*, to trifle. Yet this information scarcely enlightens us on the point we are considering. How comes it that woman alone is associated with the idea of trifling? In Anglo-Saxon days

did not men as well as women trifle? A little nonsense now and then, a great poet informs us, is relished by the wisest men, and doubtless the lords of creation bent to trivial pleasures even in the days of Athelstan and Sigric. But the opportunities must have been comparatively few, for in the lusty times when men were forced to stand, as it were, with burnished arms ready for the fray, they could not with



EVEN IN THE DAYS OF ATHELSTAN.

safety indulge in much trifling. The ladies, on the other hand, had to be kept closed up, not, as the profane might conclude, to obviate elopements, but to prevent abductions. There is good reason to suppose they employed themselves, to the best of their abilities, in looking after the interests of their lords; but their accomplishments were few, and their chances of making a figure in life fewer still. There were no professions open to them. Law, medicine, theology, the platform, the stage, journalism, philanthropy were still unimagined possibilities as careers for women. Nor were the means of rational amusement many. Fair ones toyed with the strings of the harp and the spinet, but the piano was not yet. Again, they were forbidden to harass their minds with economic, spiritual and philosophical problems, so that time must often have hung heavy on their hands. What wonder if they trifled, in their endeavours to give some savour to existence. Is it any wonder, too, that when trifling was thought of, ladies were also thought of? And by this subtle doctrine of association a flit has come to mean a girl who plays at courtship.

* * *

It is manifestly unfair, however, to restrict the word to one sex. Flirting is not the privilege of ladies alone. The male flirt abounds, and probably is responsible in these latter days for the female flirt, for the poor thing but follows the lead of the stronger nature. But it is the morality of flirting that is under discussion. Is it wrong? Is it right?

Within bounds one should say there can be little harm in it; in excess it is, of course, dangerous, like too much food or too much wine. A little innocent amusement, it might be whispered in the ear of wiseacres who are not so young as they were, is not culpable dissipation. Man does not live by gravity alone. I would not have our young ladies do aught that would tarnish the modesty and purity

which are the pride and true glory of woman. But may they not mix with the world, nay, even share its gaieties to a reasonable extent? Milton objected to a cloistered and fugitive virtue; are we not at times in some danger of making the charming ones who give solace and sweetness to life cloistered and fugitive also? Let them come into the sun—they will suffer no harm; on the contrary their beauty will be enhanced and their spirits made livelier and lustier. Let them go abroad to amusements under proper escort. Some girls have amiable fathers and brothers; some have not. Why shouldn't those who have not accept the courtesies of friends? What are friends for if one cannot utilise them? I confess when I see a young lady and gentleman chaffing each other I do not immediately run to the conclusion that they are bent on mischief. Is there no such thing as Platonic friendship in this world? "Yes," answers the cynic with a snigger, "You may find it any day. It begins in the ball-room and ends in the Divorce Court." What a charming creature is your cynic! How hopeful! how trustful! Searching ever for the good in human nature, and immovable in regarding the bad as an accidental blemish! To him Eve did not eat of that unlucky apple, and Adam tasted it quite by mistake. The world is the best of worlds, and young ladies might be worse employed than in innocent diversion with gentleman friends. "Only," adds the cynic, with his peculiar smile, "beware of the Divorce Court."

* * *

Some time ago an Italian professor wrote a book—a solid, scientific book of close upon four hundred pages to prove that men of genius are essentially mad. Proceeding on the lines of “teratologic research,” he discovered many wonderful things, among others that literary genius or, as he prefers to put it, literary madness, is a “curious psychiatric singularity.” It was a very learned book and demonstrated incontrovertibly that to have genius is to be mad, and that the greater a man's genius the madder he must be. Another gentleman now comes forward and, by a pathological study of modern literature, shows that Europe is fast going crazy: so that very shortly we shall all have the felicity of living in Bedlam. Well, that kind of residence has, no doubt, its own delights and compensations. Our dreams and delusions may become realities to us, for, given the right metaphysical conditions, the wildest imaginations become the most solid actualities. Therefore we need not take the latest tidings about the destiny of the race too much to heart. But what ought to be particularly noted is that Dr. Max Nordau, the new apostle of science, does not pursue the lines nor reach the conclusion of Professor Lombroso, the ingenious propagator of the theory that genius and madness are convertible terms. To the latter, high imaginative endowment is a distinct sign of degeneration; to Dr. Nordau it is precisely the opposite. Both would probably declare, however, that it is mainly a matter of nerves. Nerves, it will be admitted by learned and unlearned alike, are, perhaps, the prime difficulty with which this busy age has to cope. We hear more and more of the nervous system, nerve centres, nerve depression, nerve exhaustion and so forth; and medical science seems to be drawing to the conclusion that to keep humanity in good health it is only necessary to maintain the equilibrium of the nerves. But unluckily there is a wide, too often an impassable, gulf between cause and cure.

* * *

Dr. Nordau thinks that the impending insanity of the European races is due entirely to brain fatigue. Outraged nature is beginning to take its revenge, and men to feel that the human machinery is not capable of running constantly at express speed. It is said that Mr. Rudyard Kip-



“BUT,” THE CYNIC ADDS, “BEWARE OF THE
DIVORCE COURT.”

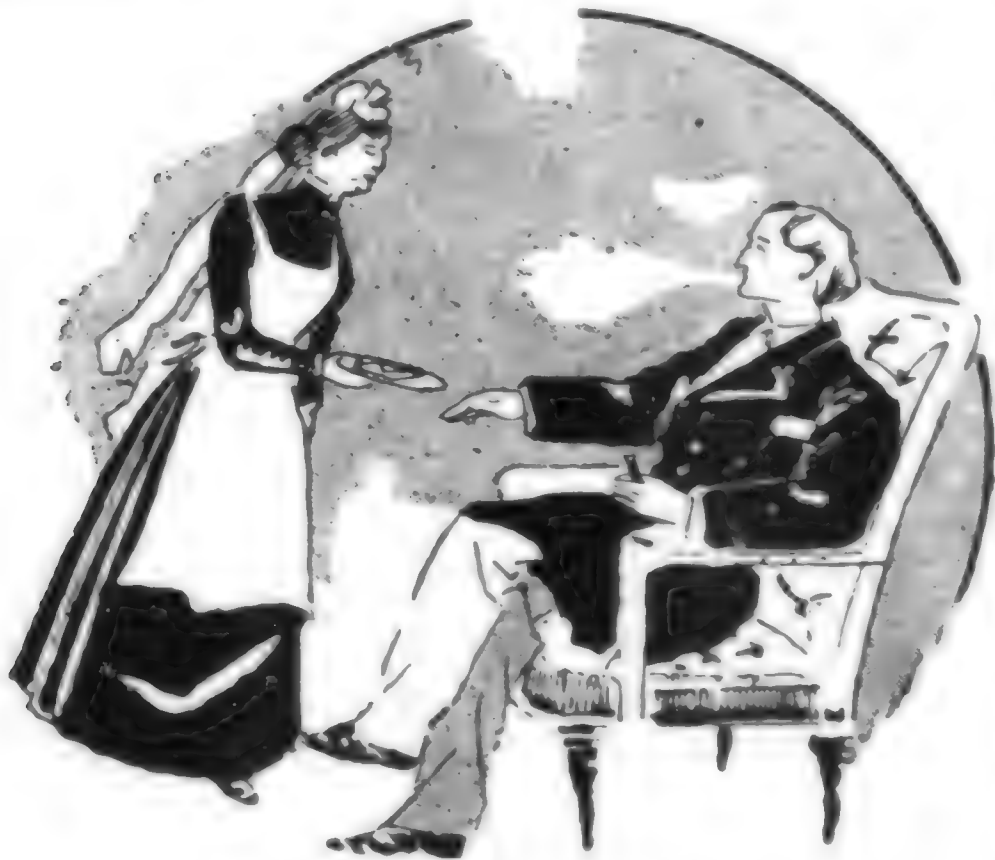
ling, who is not yet thirty, has inscribed over his desk some such legend as this: “Oft have I been weary when toiling at thee.” It is the weariness that causes all the mischief—or rather, the weariness plus the stimulants that are taken to overcome it. Think of Guy de Maupassant, young, talented, successful, the envied of all writers, and of the crushing tragedy in which his career ended, as it were, in a single moment. Nature has preached no such sermon for many years on the folly of making haste to be rich. But we simply sigh and say, “What a pity!” and pass on to our grinding in the mills of the Philistines. I venture to affirm that there is not one of my readers who, by an instant's reflection, cannot recall some case of startling and apparently unaccountable breakdown in the Olympian game of life. The boiler has burst and the engine is wrecked, none the less effectually that no fragments are strewn about. With our old nonchalance we remark, “Poor fellow; what a pity,” and pass on, thinking that express speed must be the natural pace of man. The Scotch have a proverb to the effect that tired is no term. We may be fatigued, but we must work on; we may need a change of air, a holiday, a rest, but, Moloch calls us imperatively to the desk the counter, the workshop, and like obedient, if not quite willing, slaves, we obey. These things touch us all personally. I was planning a nice little trip the other

evening, and as I dreamed of green fields and sparkling waters the peremptory rattat of the postman sounded at the door. The letter was brought me: it was a brief editorial command—"Please let me have 'Notions' at once." There are many things I would do before disregarding an editor's instructions, and so, gentle reader, that little trip has been deferred. Tomorrow there will be another peremptory demand—I know it—and the day after another. It is the way with us all. We are robbed of our prospective pleasures, and dare not so much as protest. I have not much admiration for Thoreau. To be quite candid, I think him a good bit of a humbug; but in one respect—if in one only—he was stronger than most men. Dissatisfied with the ways of the world, and

"Tess," and thought him the first of living English novelists—not the most popular, for have we not the authors of "A Mystery of a Hansom Cab" and of the still more mysterious "She" with us? but the best. He is capable of mistakes and lapses, but they are such as perhaps only a man of genius could make. There are one or two in "Tess," but while they irritate, they can scarcely be said to mar that glorious book. Everybody knows "Far from the Madding Crowd," but "The Return of the Native" may not be so widely familiar. Will my readers read the first chapter of that story and tell me whether it is not one of the most wonderful pieces of description in English fiction—I will go further and say in English literature. You not only see Egdon Heath

—you feel its atmosphere and creep together at the deepening of its uncanny gloom. There are passages of similar power and magic in "The Woodlanders," and, indeed, in nearly all of Mr. Hardy's books. Mr. Walter Pater, in an essay on style which I commend to all who take an interest in literature, speaks of the atmosphere which is necessary to the true literary artist, and which he creates as a matter of course. In English fiction not many even of those whom we are wont to reckon as masters have it to any striking degree. Among the few are Fielding, Scott, Thackeray and, above all, Hawthorne, whom I think we may legitimately include. Mr. Hardy has it also, and it serves to differentiate his work from that of all his contemporaries.

He does not belong to the class of facile and flimsy writers who incurred the scorn of Flaubert. He writes, one would say, with a considerable and assuredly with a conscious effort. Were he questioned, he would probably say with Goethe that nothing comes to him in his sleep. But the effort is justified and more than justified by the result which, at its best, is superb. Mr. Hardy's delineations of rural English life are, beyond comparison, the best we possess. The dairy scene in "Tess" would make the reputation of an ordinary writer, and there are hundreds of other scenes scattered through his various books which he, and he alone, could write. "Life's Little Ironies" contains many of his characteristic excellences



IT WAS A BRIEF EDITORIAL COMMAND.

counting money dross, he went into the wilderness and there built himself a hut. As Mr. Ruskin remarks of Eve's bower, as pictured by Milton, there would be an unpleasant dampness about at times; but Thoreau loved, or pretended to love, dew; and, like a lucky vegetarian, he could feast on herbs. It seems a natural life; yet I fear that not many of us can afford to abide in the wilderness.

* * *

I have been reading, with the perfect delight which only a good book or a lovely woman can inspire, Mr. Hardy's new volume of short stories, which he suggestively calls "Life's Little Ironies." I admired Mr. Hardy long anterior to the days of

and few of his characteristic defects. The tales are told without any of that hankering after sensational effect which is the bane of half the novelists of to day. Indeed, the stories appear to be intentionally subdued in tone; but what a suggestiveness there is in the reticence, what a fierce undercurrent in the passion! Mr. Hardy can delineate a strong, masterful nature as well as Mr. Meredith, and a weak one infinitely better. There are examples of both in "Life's Little Ironies," and the book as a whole is a conspicuous example of the freshness, energy and disposition which, according to the greatest of French critics, constitute the highest literary art. We have had no such volume of short stories for many years. J. A. S.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

MR. JOHN HARE having had to seek the sunny shores of the South of France, left behind him a treat for present theatre-goers in a revival of that celebrated comedy, "Caste," by the late T. W. Robertson. Revivals, naturally, cause one to make comparisons with original productions, and not always favourable to the former. In this case, however, the axiom does not hold good. "Caste" was produced and rehearsed under the immediate supervision of Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hare, both of whom were in the original production.

It is somewhat strange that though many of the older critics harped about the good old days and the marvellous actors and actresses we had then, and how very inferior the present ones are, yet they did not give the cast of the various productions of "Caste." Let it be my task to remedy this defect.

"Caste" was originally produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, then under the management of Messrs. Hare and Bancroft, on April 6th, 1867. Of that cast of seven, two are still before the public, two have retired to enjoy their well-earned *otium cum dignitate*, while three are not. It was as follows:—

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Hon. Geo. D'Alroy ... | Mr. FREDERIC YOUNG. |
| Capt. Hawtree ... | Mr. BANCROFT. |
| Eccles ... | Mr. GEO. HONEY. |
| Sam Gerridge ... | Mr. JOHN HARE. |
| Marquise de St. Maur... | Miss SOPHIE LARKIN. |
| Esther ... | Miss LYDIA FOOTE. |
| Polly ... | Miss MARIE BANCROFT. |

Truly this was a very strong cast, and deservedly met with a great success.

On September 16th, 1871, it was again reproduced, the cast, with two exceptions, being the same. Mr. Chas. Coghlan playing Geo. D'Alroy, and Mrs. Leigh Murray enacting the part of the Marquise de St. Maur.

On January 11th, 1879, it was once more given, when three only of the originals appeared in their old characters. Mr. John Clayton playing D'Alroy, Mr. Arthur Cecil being the Sam Gerridge, while Mrs. Le Thiere and Miss Amy Roselle were respectively the Marquise and the Esther of the play.

As lately as 1890, at the Criterion, "Caste" was again produced, and this time with an entirely different set of



Photo by] MR. G. W. ANSON AS ECCLES. [London Stereoscopic Co.

actors and actresses, all of whom, with the exception of Mr. David James, are still with us. The bill was:—

| | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| D'Alroy ... | Mr. LEONARD BOYNE. |
| Hawtree ... | Mr. ARTHUR ELWOOD. |
| Eccles ... | Mr. DAVID JAMES. |
| Sam Gerridge ... | Mr. BROOKFIELD. |
| Marquise ... | Miss CROSS. |
| Esther ... | Miss OLGA PRANDON. |
| Polly ... | Miss LOTTIE VENNE. |

This brings us to the production now under notice, where the cast is again entirely altered, it being—

| | |
|-------------|----------------------|
| D'Alroy ... | Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON |
| Hawtree ... | Mr. W. L. ABINGDON |

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Eccles | Mr. G. W. ANSON. |
| Sam Gerridge | Mr. GILBERT HARE. |
| Marquise | Miss ROSE LECLERQ. |
| Esther | Miss KATE RORKE. |
| Polly | Miss MAY HARVEY. |

Looking at this selection of artists, I think very little fault can be found with any one of them, and a great deal can be said in favour of very many; yet, strange as it may seem, some of our older critics have gone out of their way to ruthlessly slate them and hold them up to ridicule. They are not a bit like the originals, say these wise men. Why should they be?

No doubt Chas. Kean, Macready, Chas. Mathews, Mrs. Siddons and others were very excellent exponents of their art; but I think it stands to reason that our present-day artists, profiting by the experience of their teachers in the histrionic world, having far greater opportunities of education and knowledge than the by-gone school could possibly have had, should, if there is anything in them at all, be at least as good exponents as they that are gone.

* * *

The dramatic critic on that sparkling little paper, *Judy*, gave a most amusing and, at the same time, exceedingly clever skit on the style of criticisms with which we are now favoured. One of our weekly papers told us how charmingly Miss Mary Rorke played the part of Esther, while, at the same time, this lady was taking part in the "Woman's Revenge" at the Adelphi. *Truth* will have to change its title or look after the accuracy of the writers of its dramatic notes. Who is Mr. Geo. Storey, and when did he play, or, rather, exaggerate the part of Eccles? Who is the Mr. Claydon that gives a fair imitation of Mr. Bancroft? Since *Truth* says these people do or did exist, I suppose they did, but I can't trace them.

* * *

To the ordinary present-day playgoer the latest production of "Caste" is pleasing enough. The play which created such a sensation more than a quarter of a century ago, still succeeds in drawing the public to see it. Some of the old playgoers have had the impertinence to assert, even in the face of adverse criticisms, that "Caste" was never better played, and they give as their reasons that the actors and actresses are more natural—that they now speak their lines distinctly and do not mumble and mouth their words—

that they now do not constantly find it necessary to "warm their toes at the foot-lights," but find they can be as effective "up stage," or even with their backs to their audience.

With Miss Kate Rorke's Esther no possible shadow of a fault could be found; it was pathetic, it was gentle, it was human: no one that listened to it and saw her grief, as she buckled on her husband's sword, but his heart went out in deep sympathy to her. No one could help but feel delighted when they saw the joy and gladness that o'erspread her countenance when it gradually dawned on her that her husband was not dead after all—that the father of her child was alive. Miss Rorke was an ideal Esther, and if the original Esther was better, then she must have indeed been wonderful. Again, nothing can be said against the Marquise de St. Maur of Miss Rose Leclerq. It was a truly magnificent performance. Miss Leclerq looked every inch the Marquise. To Miss May Harvey, a young actress, was allotted the part of Polly. She knew before she started she would be told she was not a bit like Mrs. Bancroft. Why should she be? Why should she be expected to ape or imitate another artiste? Unless she were a competent artiste Mr. Hare would never have engaged her for the part, and she being thus engaged, had a right to, while abiding by certain traditions, give her own rendering of the part. Taking into consideration the experienced company with which she was associated, Miss May Harvey acquitted herself very creditably. Mr. Forbes Robertson is the George D'Alroy. Here, again, I beg to differ with my confrères. I readily and heartily admit that Mr. Forbes Robertson is a most talented actor; to go no further, his Scarpia and his Buckingham alone stamp him as such; yet I think as George D'Alroy he was too heavy and lugubrious. The Captain Hawtree of Mr. W. L. Abingdon was a most excellent performance. True, it was played on similar lines to the Hawtree of Mr. Bancroft, but then, on what other lines could he play it? Certainly he was clearer and more distinct than other Hawtrees. His performance was decidedly an excellent one, and shows that he has done well to eschew the paths of villainy. Mr. Anson had already made himself thoroughly master of the part of Eccles, having played for a considerable period

to the delight of many Australian audiences, and therefore it was felt that Eccles was safe in the hands of such a competent actor. Mr. Anson did not fail to come up to the expectations, and gave a careful and studied performance of the drunken father. Mr. John Hare relegated his old part of Samuel Gerridge to his talented son, and, in so doing, also gave him a few hints as to how it was played. Mr. Gilbert Hare, profiting by the experience of his father, was a satisfactory Gerridge, and showed that a young actor can be relied on to give a reproduction. Altogether the latest rendering of this fine old comedy has been a great artistic success, and I doubt very much, if the old original cast were to play it to-day, whether they would secure all the honours.

Our friends in the ancient city of Liverpool have, for the last three months, been enjoying the delightful treat of the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company. We Londoners often flatter ourselves that we are the only favoured ones in the dramatic, musical or art world, and that it is necessary for everyone to come to London to be properly entertained. Indeed, a well-known writer to one of our big dailies some time ago as-

tonished and somewhat amused us by solemnly assuring us he had unearthed a treasure in comic opera, and prophesied great things for his future. The unearthed one was Mr. Geo. Thorne, a high provincial favourite of at least twenty years' standing.

I happened to be in Liverpool lately, and had several treats in witnessing new productions. "The Damnation of Faust," was presented to a critical Liverpool audience, and was an unqualified success, Mr. Alec Marsh scoring heavily as Mephisto. The mounting and scenic effects of the production left



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MR. RHYD THOMAS.

nothing to be desired, and could not have been better done even at Covent Garden.

"Rienzi" is also to be numbered among the successes of the season, while old favourites "Fra Diavolo" (but lately given by Royal command at Balmoral), "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Tannhauser" and the newer ones, "L'Amico Fritz," "Rustic Chivalry," "Pagliacci," were heartily welcomed. The genial managing director of the company, Mr. H. Bruce, or, as his friends love to call him, "Daddy," is, of course, in a great measure responsible



MONS. G. JACOBI.

for the general success of the company, and his presence with them is a sure guarantee of their popularity. Mr. Bruce has succeeded in obtaining several very valuable additions to his ranks, ones that, no doubt, will in due course distinguish themselves as much, if not more, than the artistes that are gradually falling away. Notably among these acquisitions is Mr. Rhys Thomas, a tenor with a splendid full, musical and tuneful voice coupled with that which is seldom found in vocalists — ability to not only sing his part but also to act it. Mr. Thomas is a gentleman from Wales who, having tried the arduous and ungrateful duties of a press-man, has deserted that sphere

for the operatic stage. The ease and grace with which he sings warrants one in saying Welshmen are born musicians.

Not only is Mr. Thomas an accomplished tenor, but he has been known to play other parts at the shortest notice, as witnessed in his suddenly assuming the baritone rôle in "Romeo and Juliette" at truly a moment's notice. I have no doubt that Mr. Rhys Thomas has a great future before him, and that he will rapidly make a name for himself in the operatic world; indeed, he is doing it now. Another fine artiste in the company is Mr. Pringle, a young Australian who has but lately joined the ranks of Carl Rosa. During their sojourn in Liverpool the company had the misfortune to lose one of their old and tried members in the person of Mr. Aynsley Cook. Mr. Cook was one of the oldest members of the company; I believe I am right in saying he was one of the original members. Naturally his death has not only left a gap in their ranks, but has also been the cause of one and all of the members losing a loyal and sympathetic friend. It was but two or three months ago that Mr. Aynsley Cook had the honour of appearing before her Majesty at Balmoral, and the

Queen, on being informed of his demise, sent a letter of condolence to his widow — a kind and gracious action highly appreciated by his widow and all his many friends.

Among other companies that will visit Liverpool this season I may mention Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and entire company, Mr. Beerholm Tree and Haymarket company, Mr. Toole and his company, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal on their return from America and Mr. Wilson Barrett. Surely a galaxy of talent. Besides this array, of course all the best provincial companies, such as



MR. H. BRUCE, CARL ROSA OPERA CO

Photo by]

[Brown, Barnes & Bell.



Photo by] MR. ALBERT GILMER. [W. D. Downey.

D'Oyly Carte's operas, the Gaiety and the 'Prince of Wales' burlesques, etc., will also pay visits there during their tours.

The Music Halls seem to be vying with each other as to which shall produce the greatest and most startling novelty, and, in consequence, this healthy rivalry is productive of strong bills at each of the halls.

The Alhambra has a very strong bill at present, either of its ballets, "Don Quixote" or "Chicago" being alone well worthy of a visit. In the former, Mr. Fred Storey, as Don Quixote, finds opportunity to display his nimbleness of toe, of which he is not slow to avail himself, and he is well backed up by Mr. Yarnold, as Sancho Panza. The second edition of "Chicago" is, if anything, brighter and merrier than the first, and goes with a bang from start to finish. Mons. G. Jacobi is responsible for the ballet music, and it is needless to add that when it is in the hands of such a skilful and competent musician as this, the public are satisfied that the music will be tuneful, harmonious and bright. Mr. Albert Gilmer, the indefatigable manager, has succeeded in catering well for the public, and patrons of the Alhambra can always rely on their comfort being studied and well looked after.

Though the Alhambra's two ballets are,

of course, the attraction, yet there are many other popular items in the bill. Truly this house keeps up its reputation as a theatre of varieties, and all classes and tastes are catered for in consequence. The *fin de siècle* quadrille introduced into the Chicago ballet is both eccentric and amusing.

I was surprised to see, the other day, that some of those rabid county councillors are actually going to propose to abolish drink entirely from the music halls, and still more surprised that no protest had been entered against this idiotic proposition. Surely it is time that some united action were taken to entirely crush and sit on these Chadbands and Uriah Heeps who can allow nothing to be good outside their limited vision.

Mr. Ritchie of Aquarium renown, ever on the hunt for sensational items with which to draw the public, has turned on a serpentine dancer, but this lady dances in a den of lions while the lime-light is being played on her lithesome and lightly clad limbs. Though the lions are kept in good order, yet it is a gruesome sight. It makes one think of the story of the old gentleman who followed the young lady and the performing lion about. The young lady aforesaid used to put her head in the lion's mouth. The old gentleman followed her about from town to town



FRED STOREY.

and country to country. One night the lion closed his mouth too soon and the young lady suffered in consequence. "Ah," said the old gentleman, "I knew it would happen some day, and for seven years I have watched for it. The time and money spent are worth the sight." I

do not mean to infer from this story that this is likely to occur at the Aquarium, but there is a certain section of the public who hanker after the sensational, and gloat over an accident, shake their heads and say, "I told you so. I knew it would happen."

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❖ Puzzledom ❖

106. Supply a letter in place of each star and produce a verse in the Bible.

W * a * s * e * e * t * y * a * d * i * d * t * t * d *, d * i * w * t * t * y
* i * h *.

107. A Word Square.

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| 1. To devastate. | 2. A stage-player. | 3. A gem. |
| 4. A medicine. | 5. Upright. | |

108. A Charade.

My first is dark;
My second is a preposition;
My third is a storm;
My whole is a bird famous for its beautiful song.

Conundrums.

- 109. Which is the longest letter in the alphabet?
- 110. Why are weary people like carriage wheels?
- 111. Of what trade is the sun?
- 112. What is that which has ears but hears not?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th April. Competitions should be addressed "April Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

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| <p>99. <i>Rolling stones gather no moss.</i></p> <p>100. <i>The Editor is very pleased to say that the Puzzledom Competitors for February number the largest yet received.</i></p> | <p>101. <i>Yellow.</i></p> <p>102. <i>In the dictionary.</i></p> <p>103. <i>Ask him to lend you a sovereign.</i></p> <p>104. <i>Because it stirs up a fire.</i></p> <p>105. <i>A pillow.</i></p> |
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The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our February Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—
P. Dobson, 103, Beeston Hill, Leeds; W. F. Osborne, 48, Queen's Park Road, Brighton; Miss M. Ward, Recorder House, Beverley, Yorks; E. B. White, Arlington House, Retford; Miss P. Wilkinson, 17, Myton Gate, Hull.